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FAME.—AN ALLEGORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MAT McARNO.

A temple in the morning light
Rose fair, upon the mountain-height,
And shot its turrets high
Against the vaulted sky.

The youth sets forth with heart aflame,
Full-armed with faith to write his name
Among the deathless great
Who conquer adverse fate.

He leaves his home with pouch and staff,
And answers back with mocking laugh
The warning and distrust
Of those whose hearts are dust.

The mountain-roads are hard to climb—
The solemn centuries of Time
Have pressed the wrinkles deep
On every rocky steep.

Wild, hungry beasts cronch in his path,
And slimy serpents hiss their wrath,
While from the trees the owls
Hoot in black robes and cowls.

Then follows Night, a pilgrim old—
A miser hiding the sun's gold—
His dark breast decked with stars
Won in celestial wars.

Still through the gloom the temple sheds
A halo round the path he treads,
But in its pallid light
His brown hair turns to white.

By colder winds his face is fanned,
He longs to clasp some friendly hand,
Or feel the welcome touch
Of lips that love him much.

At last the temple-gate is won—
He enters in, his journey done,
Then sinks in blank despair—
No *living* thing is there!

He cannot breathe the stifling air;
The light—a phosphorescent glare
That round his path was shed—
Falls only on the dead.

AROUND HIS NECK;

OR,

THE DOUBLE MURDER

OF

THE BROKEN ROCK.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOHANNA PRITCHARD.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE STRANGE VISITOR.

Lord Arthur Ferdinand—for that is the name Richard Harkaway will bear henceforth—hastened with all speed to the drawing-room, where the stranger sat, his eyes bent intently on an open book held in his hand. The footstep of Lord Ferdinand was soft and unheard. He gently pushed open the door, and waited to be addressed by the visitor. Lord Ferdinand advanced towards him. He then heard the sound, and, starting to his feet, was about to bow obsequiously to the noble personage in whose presence he stood, when the book dropped from his hand, an ejaculation in some foreign tongue escaped his lips, and he fell back in his seat, with his eyes fixed on Lord Ferdinand, who gazed upon the intruder that dared to *sit* in his presence.

"Rise, sir, and state your business with me at once, or I shall have my lackey show you the way out."

Lord Ferdinand turned to touch the bell, but ere he could accomplish his intention the stranger caught his wrist firmly.

"Better for you, *my lord*," he said in a mocking tone, "you touch not that bell."

"Contemptible scoundrel!" exclaimed his lordship. "How dare you intrude in this mansion to insult the owner?"

"Indeed, *my lord*, I had not the slightest idea of insulting you when I entered this grand mansion. I came in answer to an advertisement. 'Wanted, a confidential valet.' Those were the words I read in *The Times*. I called at the office to which the paper directed, and they sent me here. I did not dream, when I entered this handsomely furnished room, what was going to happen, *my lord*."

He spoke in a sarcastic voice, which seemed to change its tone at every word. When he said "my lord," he drawled it out with a smile of mockery, which enraged the listener beyond control.

"I have never cast my eyes on this man before," thought Lord Ferdinand. "I have never heard a voice resembling his. There is no expression upon his face that I remember. He is evidently drunk or insane. And what does he mean by saying 'he did not know what was going to happen?' I'll ring the bell,"

His finger was on the gold knob once more, and the stranger once more caught his wrist; but it was too late. The signal had been given.

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the man in a low voice.

"I'll show you what's going to happen, my man," said his lordship.

"Suppose if I show *you*, first?" answered the intruder.

The door opened and the waiter appeared. Lord Ferdinand was about to order the man to be driven out of the mansion. He waved to the servant and whispered his command. He paused and looked back, fearing mischief behind him.

"Thomas Harkaway!" burst from his scared lips.

"Richard, had you not better control yourself before your servant?" said Thomas Harkaway in a low voice. "or he perhaps will disguise quickly in his pocket."

Lord Ferdinand motioned the servant to retire.

"I must congratulate you on your make-up, Mr. Thomas Harkaway. You ought to have been an actor. Pray, for what purpose did you assume your disguise?"

A man like Thomas Harkaway could easily detect the tremor in his lordship's voice as he addressed him, and also the natural whiteness of his face, which had gradually changed to a ghastly hue.

"Perhaps you'll oblige me by stating how you reached this high estate—how *you* became Lord of Ferdinand! You miserable beast, you ——"

Thomas Harkaway started to his feet, and, calmly drawing his pistol, he pointed it deliberately at his stepbrother, who shrank with cowardly fear towards the bell.

"Stay!" he said authoritatively. "Death would be too great a blessing. You shall live—live to suffer—to feel thy guilty conscience, *worse* than the agonies of death—to feel that the life of an honest man is a thousand times more valuable than the worthless title, thy wealth or station. Now speak quickly, *murderer*, or I'll have you dragged through the streets as the vile impostor that you are!"

"My God! my God!" cried the new Lord of Ferdinand, "have some mercy on me!"

"Mercy!" exclaimed Thomas Harkaway. "Did you have mercy on your victim—a pure girl whom you made your lawful wife, then murdered? I can hardly keep my hands from you. I feel as if I could tear you into a thousand pieces! You heartless son, you cruel brother, you libertine and gambler, with blood-stained hands and a guilty soul! I could, without reproach, dash out your worthless brains!"

As he uttered these words, he flung Lord Ferdinand, whose strength had left him through fear, to the other side of the grand apartment, where he lay panting, with the dews of terror and remorse upon his brow.

The wretched nobleman humbly told his stepbrother of his right to inherit the name and title of the late Lord Arthur Ferdinand.

"I admit your right as heir to Ferdinand; but your crimes forfeit the right to bear his name and title—to spend his wealth and to live in his mansion. One word from me would make you penniless," said Thomas Harkaway in a determined voice.

"You'll not speak that word, Thomas?"

"On conditions, *my lord*," he laughed.

"What are they?" asked Lord Ferdinand in a nervous, anxious tone.

"That you will send yearly a good support to the mother and sisters your dissipation has robbed of their rights."

"I will, I will, Thomas," answered his lordship eagerly.

"Also," added Thomas, "you will give me back the share of my father's fortune, which was lawfully mine, if you had not squandered it."

"Agreed," replied Lord Ferdinand, brightening, "on one condition."

"Speak your condition."

"That, when I have settled everything to your satisfaction, we are strangers."

"That suits me precisely," laughed Thomas Harkaway. "It is understood that whenever we meet we are strangers—we must receive introductions calmly, like gentlemen who are delighted to become acquainted; and be sure, 'my lord,' you never offer me your hand without your glove on, for I should refuse the introduction and turn my back upon you, and that would look suspicious. I told you, Lord Arthur Ferdinand, I wore my disguise to hunt you up. I knew you were resuscitated by the students of C——; I knew, also, that you returned to visit my mother; I saw you climb over our garden-wall and enter my mother's chamber; I saw you when you entered the gambling-house in New York; I waited till you came out; I followed you from street to street like a shadow; but I missed you. I guessed you had set sail for England. I resolved to follow, and I did in the next steamer; but never reached there, for I was one of the passengers of the Glasson, which was wrecked on the coast of Ireland. Was it not a pity I was saved? If I had only gone to the bottom, what trouble you would have escaped, 'my lord'—as by your looks you seem to say so. Knowing nothing of your Ferdinands or your inheritance, I have been for three months hunting you up, in every hole and corner in London, in various disguises."

"Why did you disguise yourself?"

"Because I knew your cunning ways. If you got the first peep at me, you'd be off as quick as a rat to his hole, ere I could catch you."

"And if you *had* caught me poor and a gambler, what then?".

"Then I would have killed you."

"Why then more than now?"

"Because there could be no other way for my revenge."

"The law would have punished you."

"Punish me," with a laugh, "for putting a hole through the carcase of a murderer, who was hung by the neck, resuscitated, and then dared walk the earth with blood-stained hands, and the mark of his crime around his neck!" he laughed, pointing at the silk 'kerchief his brother wore. "Ha, ha, ha!" he continued, "what greater revenge could I wish than to see that look of anguish in your face?"

Well might Lord Ferdinand tremble with fear. His young and lovely wife was entering the apartment through the arches, and advancing quickly towards him with an anxious smile on her fair face. With an imploring look at his stepbrother, as much as to say, "Oh, spare my wife," he hastened to meet her.

Thomas Harkaway bowed low to Lady Ferdinand. Lady Ferdinand bowed lower still. The half-brother of Lord Ferdinand gazed long and earnestly on the beautiful creature. He could not speak. Handing his card to Lord Ferdinand, on which was printed an address where he could be found, he touched the bell, and, bowing once more, both to lord and lady, he followed the waiter from the drawing-room, entered a carriage that was waiting for him, and rolled away from the Ferdinand mansion.

A ringing laugh rang through the room from which Thomas Harkaway disappeared.

"Oh, Arthur, what a handsome gentleman, but how eccentric! He never spoke a word to me—only bowed, and bowed. Who is he, Arthur? You never mentioned his name."

"Did I not?" replied her husband. "I must be as eccentric as my lawyer."

"What!" she cried, "is he a lawyer? Such a splendid-looking young gentleman a lawyer! I am sure I would never have taken him for a lawyer."

"Why not, love?"

"I always imagined a lawyer had a mean-looking face; but I am sure, Arthur, he has not."

"No, my love; he has not. Come, let us return to your boudoir," said her husband, putting his arm around her.

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed delightedly. "I have such news to tell you."

"What is it, darling?"

"Oh, my dear Guardy's oldest and best friend has returned to Europe with a Spanish bride."

"Indeed!"

"Oh, yes," she continued; "and they were on board the wrecked Glasson, and were saved by some noble young man they did not know, and have never seen since."

"That wreck I remember. It occurred the eve before our marriage," said Lord Ferdinand thoughtfully.

"I have a long letter to read you," she went on. "Lord Ernest Vanderbuilt is over sixty years of age. Only think, Arthur, of an old man like him marrying a beautiful Spanish girl of twenty-two. Is it not strange?" she asked innocently.

"It is a common occurrence, Violet," he laughed.

"Come, I'll read you his letter. He thinks as much of me as if I were his own daughter!"

"I am very much interested, then," said her husband.

Violet straightened out the long epistle of Lord Ernest Vanderbuilt, and commenced reading his adventures and his enthusiastic description of his Spanish bride.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHESTER CASTLE.

In one of the antique rooms of this ancient castle sat Lord and Lady Vanderbuilt. The apartment was grandly furnished. The ceiling and walls were of purest marble, inlaid with precious stones, while the statuary and decorations, the costly drapery, surpassed description. The velvet carpets, the lace hangings, were in themselves a fortune to be envied, for they were superb in their gorgeousness. Leading from out this magnificent boudoir was a rose garden, which threw its perfume around and in the air.

The Earl of Chester, the lord of this majestic castle, the beloved of the people, the prized member of the House of Commons, and the faithful friend of the poor and needy, sat at the feet of his young wife, his eyes fixed adoringly upon her with the ardor of youth in their brilliancy.

"It is three months to-day since we were wedded, Marianna," Lord Vanderbuilt whispered softly.

"Three months! Is it possible, my lord?" she said, smiling upon him, and running her snowy fingers through his silver locks. "How quickly the time has passed!"

"Which proves," added his lordship, "how happily we have lived. And you *are* happy, Marianna, are you not?"

She gently caressed him, and drew him nearer her bosom, as she murmured in a low voice:

"My lord and husband, I do not deserve one half the happiness you've heaped upon me. Tell me, Ernest," she continued, "is there aught I can do to add to yours?"

"Yes; consent to name the day when the doors of this old castle shall be opened to society. Already has my marriage rung through Europe, and the nobles, both of England and of France, are growing wild with impatience to behold my Spanish bride. Already the world has pictured you more beautiful than the Hebes of old. Tell me, Marianna, when I shall take you by the hand, standing proudly by your side, and behold with rapturous eyes the peers and peeresses of the realm bow low before my Lady Vanderbuilt, my wife, the wife of the Earl of Chester."

"Oh, you enthusiast!" exclaimed Hester Bertram. "Is there no other blessing on this earth that would complete your happiness?"

"Yes, one," he cried joyfully, clasping her to his breast.

"And that is, my lord?" She uttered this quickly, while a strange paleness overspread her face, and an anxious look settled upon it.

"A son and heir to bear the name of Ernest Vanderbuilt, and to inherit the title and estates of the Lord of Chester."

"Oh, my Lord, Heaven has been good to you," she cried, hiding her face.

"What mean you, my wife?" he said, surprised and anxiously, as he endeavored to turn her face towards him.

"That the heir of Chester lives and breathes in his mother's bosom!" She whispered the words softly and in a trembling voice.

"O my Marianna! God has indeed blessed us. I believe I am the happiest man on the earth," he replied gladly. "But why do you tremble, my love?" he continued; "and you are weeping, too."

"Oh, no, no," she sobbed. "I am weeping for joy, my lord; and now I trust you will understand ——"

"What, love?" eagerly.

"Why I cannot consent to receive guests."

"But, Marianna, why should you allow *this* to prevent our enjoyment?" he asked regretfully.

"Because," she said firmly, and breaking from his arms, "the pleasure of your company is now joy enough for me, my lord."

He was at her feet instantly.

"Forgive me, Marianna. I meant not to wound you. Whatever *your* wish is, it shall be granted. Order me, and I obey."

"I desire only your society, and our doors to be closed yet a while. I am very, *very* nervous, Ernest, and don't wish any intruders," she said hesitatingly, leaning her head on his bosom as if to hide her white face, which grew whiter and whiter.

"My love, no one in this world could appreciate you more than your husband; but I am anxious that you should make some lady friends," he said, kissing her tenderly.

"If it will please you," she replied, "I have no objections to receive the visits of Lady Arthur Ferdinand."

"You would not!" exclaimed the Earl, delighted.

"You have described her as being so lovely, innocent, and good. Therefore I am anxious to see her, and I am sure I shall love her if she is all you represent, my lord."

"She is a lily—one of the finest flowers that ever bloomed on earth," said Lord Ernest Vanderbuilt earnestly.

"Fairer than I, my lord?"

"No fairer flower than you ever bloomed!" cried his lordship in ecstasy.

"Oh, you flatterer!" laughed Lady Vanderbuilt. "Were you always so, my lord? Why are you not thirty years younger? You certainly must have fascinated all the ladies."

"No, I never gave way to flattery when I was young," replied the Earl seriously.

"And do you mean to tell *me*, my lord," she said coquettishly, "you never loved a woman till you saw Marianna, 'The Silent Woman,' as I was called on that hapless steamer?"

"I was once betrothed to Lord Arthur Ferdinand's sister—Adele," he answered; "and thus arose the friendship between Arthur and myself."

"Why did you not marry her, my lord?" asked Hester Bertram indifferently.

"Because," he replied, "she eloped with an American gentleman."

"An American gentleman?" she said interestedly. "What was his name?"

"Richard Harkaway," replied Lord Vanderbuilt, little dreaming that the son of that woman to whom he was betrothed was the father of the unborn offspring that breathed in his wife's bosom, the expectant heir of the proud old lord of Chester—little dreaming of the dagger he had innocently thrust into his wife's heart in speaking that name.

"Richard Harkaway!" she gasped, clutching his hand to support herself from falling.

"Richard Harkaway, my dear," replied the Earl, rather surprised at her strange manner. "Did you know such a person?" he asked. "Why are you thus excited?"

"I am not excited!" she exclaimed, with a terrible effort controlling herself. "I have never heard that name before. Go on with your story; I am growing interested," and she laughed unnaturally.

"I have no more to tell, dearest," Lord Ernest said, becoming really alarmed at his wife's strange behavior.

"I am so nervous," she sobbed—"nervous. I told you I required seclusion. Ring for my maid. Hand me my sal volatile, for I am ill, my lord—ill! ill!"

At these words the footman entered, and presented a card to the Earl of Chester, who read aloud:

"Your friend of the wreck."

Hester Bertram started to her feet. All excitement had vanished. She smiled at the Earl, and said calmly:

"We must see him, my lord. To him we owe our happiness and our lives. You see, for your sake, Ernest, I will be calm and self-possessed."

"Show the gentleman here," he said, turning to the valet, who disappeared. "My darling, I do not think you are able to see anyone. I am afraid you will grow more nervous," said his lordship earnestly.

As Lady Vanderbuilt, white and calm once more, reclined upon a velvet-covered chair whose antique style completely hid her from her husband's view, Thomas Harkaway was ushered into the magnificent apartment.

Is it possible that this elegant-looking gentleman is the one who saved them from the wreck? Yes; it is the same.

Lord Vanderbuilt advanced with open arms to meet him, showering upon him all the welcome epithets he could call to his mind; and Thomas Harkaway bowed low, and in silence permitted the lord of Chester to embrace him, while his large, luminous eyes wandered inquiringly around. He starts. He sees something in the distance—a woman's robe. His soul tells him the woman he worshiped is buried in the soft cushion of that chair, and his lips tremble and his heart beats fast as he inquired after the health of the old lord's bride.

"She will answer for herself," said the Earl; "for, see, she comes to greet you."

He turned and faced her. Hester Bertram, now Lady Vanderbuilt, came gliding towards them.

"Our friend of the wreck," said the Earl, advancing towards her, and presenting Thomas Harkaway.

With all the dignity of a queen, Hester Bertram bowed low, and put out her beautifully shaped hand; and, as if paying homage to a princess, "this friend of the wreck" fell upon his knee, and with a reverence which was only due to his Maker he pressed the offering as if it were a shrine too precious for his lips to kiss. A smile of gratified pride passed across Lord Vanderbuilt's face as he beheld the dignity with which his young wife received the visitor.

"She is fit to sit upon a throne," he thought. "I would I were a king, that I might place a crown upon her brow."

"My friend and savior," exclaimed his lordship, "bear you in mind that we know not how to address you, as you have never informed us of your name or station in life!"

"Oh, my lord," replied Thomas Harkaway, "my station in life is as humble as my name."

"And that is ——?" said Lady Vanderbuilt, smiling.

"Edgar Montgomery," he replied, bowing low.

"Well, I trust Mr. Montgomery will make Chester Castle his home so long as he feels disposed to do so—do *you* not; my lady?" said the Earl of Chester, addressing his wife.

"Certainly, my lord," she replied, bowing her welcome. "Mr. Montgomery will not fail for lack of pastime around the ground and forests of this ancient castle."

"I trust, your ladyship," said Thomas Harkaway, "if I make Chester Castle my home, it will not be by passing my time in pleasure, but as a faithful servant to your lordship."

"Indeed," exclaimed Lord Vanderbuilt. "My dear friend, speak—what's it you require?"

"I came especially to offer you my services as secretary to your lordship."

Lady Vanderbuilt buried herself again in the antique chair. The conversation continued.

"You are the very gentleman I want, Mr. Montgomery; my secretary I discharged a month ago. Nothing could give me more satisfaction than to offer you the position. Besides," he added with the simplicity of his noble, generous character, "I want a man of honor. One to whom I can trust the care of my lady in my absence; and I am sure," he said, shaking Thomas Harkaway's hand heartily, "the man who could risk his life for others is that man, Mr. Montgomery."

"I can refer you, my lord."

"No, no," interrupted the Earl; "I want no references. Your face is enough for me, my friend. The honest look from out your eyes, your modest bearing, the debt we owe you, are recommendation enough for me." Thomas Harkaway expressed his gratitude in a low voice. "You shall be our friend, our companion," he went on enthusiastically. "I never before met a man I loved so well."

The old lord took his arm, and was on the point of leading him into one of the adjoining flower-gardens, when they were interrupted by the sudden entrance of the head steward, who carried with him bundles of important papers, composed of dispatches from Parliament.

"These dispatches must be attended to at once," said Lord Vanderbuilt to the steward. "Has Sir George Stanly arrived?"

"Yes, my lord, and is awaiting you in the library," replied the steward.

"Take these to Sir George, and tell him I'll join him instantly. My dear Mr. Montgomery," he said excitedly, "I have just received unexpected dispatches from the House of Commons. You will pardon me if I must leave you for a while."

"Don't mention it, my lord. I shall be only too proud to wait for you," answered Thomas Harkaway.

"Come over with me to my lady. You shall amuse her in my absence," said the Earl.

"That indeed would be an honor, my lord, if her ladyship thinks me worthy."

"I warrant she does," he laughed; "for she is perfection itself. Come."

Lord Vanderbuilt was delighted when his wife consented to accept the company of their visitor during his absence. His lordship meditated, as he wended his way to the library, and fancied his Marianna did not appear very grateful to the man who had saved her life.

They were alone—Hester Bertram and Thomas Harkaway.

"Beware!" she cried, as she saw he was imprudently about to fall at her feet. "These walls have eyes and ears. Hush! not a word," she breathed. "I will accompany you to the grounds—there we shall have no spies." She placed her hand upon his arm, as she continued in the same low tone: "You must not take advantage of this step of mine. Be sure you do not forget that I am Lady Vanderbuilt. Speak to me in Spanish," she said, still lowering her voice, as they stepped out upon the grounds—"that is the language I love."

"Oh, my lady," he exclaimed, "you are in danger."

"Danger!" she cried, turning deathly pale. "What mean you, sir?"

"Will your ladyship believe that my life and my soul are at your service?"

"I believe you," she gasped; "but I cannot comprehend you. Explain, sir. What danger threatens the Earl of Chester's lady, when she is innocent of wrong?"

"There is one, my lady, who can call you by another name than Marianna Bernardo."

"Aye, Lady Vanderbuilt," she said.

"Oh, my lady," said Thomas Harkaway, becoming alarmed at her fright, "do not fear. I am by your side—no danger shall touch you as long as you follow my instructions. Be calm, my lady, be calm."

"I am a desperate woman when roused," she said defiantly. "Beware that you are not trifling with me, for some plot of your own. You know me by a *third* name. What is it, Edgar Montgomery?"

"Hester Bertram!"

"Well," she said calmly, "I am Hester Bertram. What more?"

"You are supposed to be murdered."

"I was, and was saved by the will of Heaven."

"And your husband was hung by the neck for the crime."

"'Twas well," she answered; "for I was saved the deed!"

"You did not love him, then, Marianna?" asked Thomas Harkaway impulsively.

"Love!" she cried. "If he stood before me living, he'd find the once gentle Hester Bertram turned into a fiend—a devil! Hate! Oh, if he lived, and I could clutch him between these fingers!"

"What would you do?"

"Do!" she hissed. "I would tear him limb from limb, till his loathsome body was scattered around my feet in a thousand fragments. Oh," she exclaimed, passionately throwing up her arms, "had he lived to feel Hester Bertram's vengeance!"

"He does live!" cried Thomas Harkaway.

"Who?" she asked, startled at the words. "Who lives?"

"Richard Harkaway!"

"Richard Harkaway alive?" she screamed. "It is false! it is a lie! His body was found with the rope around his neck, mangled into pieces—trodden into atoms by a furious crowd. You've come to drive me mad!" she cried, "to blast my life, to ruin my hopes, to heap shame upon my head! I say he is dead—dead—dead!"

With a cry of agony she fell senseless in Thomas Harkaway's arms.

"The worst is over," he murmured, as he pressed his lips to her cold cheek, and bore her to a small fountain, which threw its sprays in various directions on upon the pale face of Lady Vanderbuilt. She revived. Drawing herself proudly away from Thomas Harkaway, she stood for some minutes gazing upon him.

"Edgar Montgomery," she said, in a low, changed voice, which almost startled her hearer, "how came you to know these secrets? Who are you? Why do you come to me to tell me I am an impostor—to tell me Richard Harkaway lives? Is it to disgrace me before my noble husband? Is it to drag me down from the pedestal upon which I stand? or perhaps you have come to frighten me, dreaming to make a fortune out of me?"

"No, lady; you are mistaken," replied Thomas Harkaway. "I am here to save you from Richard Harkaway, who bears the title of Lord Arthur Ferdinand."

In an instant the Earl's story of his being betrothed to Adele, the sister of Lord Arthur Ferdinand, rushed to her mind.

"How came he by that title?" she asked in a tremulous voice.

"His mother was a nobleman's daughter, and the last heir to Ferdinand was the son of Richard Harkaway, who bore his father's name."

"It is true," she said. "It is true. But he—that son—was a murderer, was hung, and is dead."

"Again you are in error, lady. He was saved by the students, who, during the riot, dressed a dead man in the clothes of Richard Harkaway, and tied a rope around his neck, while others carried the body of Harkaway to the college. The students experimented upon him, and he was resuscitated."

"Great Heaven!" cried Hester Bertram, "where was thy justice when thy anger struck my mother dead, and allowed a fiend like Richard Harkaway to live—live to enjoy wealth and title? No! no!" she said; "forgive me, Heaven—thou art just, for thou hast saved me also, and given me wealth and title. In my hands thou hast placed the rod—the task is mine. Hester Bertram will not die until she is avenged! Here, on my bended knees, I swear vengeance!"

"Now," said Thomas Harkaway, "you act like a brave woman! Now, Lady Vanderbuilt, do you believe me?"

"I do, I do!" she replied firmly. "But I must know how you found out these secrets, and what is your motive?"

"My lady," he answered, "I was a student at the College of C——."

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "You knew me, then? You saw me in the village?"

"Ah! I saw you, and I loved you. I knew this Harkaway to be a villain, and I swore that if he ever harmed a hair of your head I would follow him over the earth to be revenged upon him."

"Noble Edgar!" said Hester Bertram, giving him her hand. "You did well. Go on."

"O lady! when I heard of the tragedy, I was almost mad. Some of the students and myself searched the river at the foot of the bridge all that night. The next day, learning of the riot and the lynching, I was satisfied with Heaven's vengeance. What was my horror on the succeeding night to see him steal away in the moonlight by a secret door, which was known only to a few of us. Once more my love sprang back into my soul. I hated Harkaway, for on the night he had made your acquaintance I was on the point of visiting your poor mother, to gain her consent that I might keep your company. And so, lady, I was determined to follow him. I felt assured that he had sailed for Europe, and I, disguised, sailed after him."

"Disguised!" Hester Bertram exclaimed.

"Yes, lady. If he had caught sight of me, ten chances to one he would have eluded me, as he knew I hated him."

"I did not see you on board the Glasson, as you were disguised."

"Oh, yes, my lady," said Thomas Harkaway, "you saw me and spoke to me."

"I did? I don't remember you."

"Do you remember John the valet, my lady?"

"Oh, yes. Poor fellow, he was lost."

"Oh, no—he stands before you."

"You?" she cried in astonishment.

"I am John the valet, at your service."

During Thomas Harkaway's made-up story, Hester Bertram's fright and unbelief vanished. As she listened to it—knowing certain parts of it to be facts—she became calm. He had won her confidence, and everything he had said seemed to her now right and truthful.

"Edgar Montgomery," she said, again taking his hand, "how foolish I was to get so frightened at you. How could I believe or think you were here as an enemy—an enemy to me—if I had only been calm enough to look back to that moment when I lay helpless in your arms—the arms that saved me from death on that rock? O Edgar Montgomery! forgive me for my doubts and unkindness, for I have longed since you breathed in my ear that you worshiped me, to behold you once again." He was about to kneel to her. "No, no! do not kneel to me. It is I who should kneel to you in return for your love, your guidance, your protection."

"O Marianna!" he cried, his heart bursting with the passionate love he bore this woman, "Marianna, you drive me mad with joy when you speak to me like this. O Marianna! is it a sin to call you my love, my life!"

He caught her hands and pressed them to his lips.

"In mercy's sake," she breathed, "let go my hand. There is a magic in your touch that thrills through my veins, a fire in your glance that blinds my senses!"

"Marianna, was his reply, as he caught her in his arms, "Marianna, I offer you a love dearer than my life. Let me press you close, close to my breast. There never was a love like mine."

"For mercy's sake," she gasped, "let me go!"

"One kiss, one kiss, Marianna!" he whispered.

"Oh, why do you tempt me?" she cried.

"As when we sat upon the rock, you adored!" He bent his head closer to her closed lids, and pressed his burning lips upon them.

"I am lost!" she murmured, as she opened her eyes and beheld the glance that gazed down upon her. "Lost since the hour you saved me from the fated wreck."

"No, not lost, my Marianna!—not lost, but won!" And Thomas Harkaway poured into her ears his love, his adoration, his idolatry! And Hester Bertram, inspired by the rapturous, passionate love of the man who held her in his arms, nestled her head closer to his breast, whispering back again his repeated cry:

"I love you! I love you!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN SLIPPER.—An itinerant vender of magic glue and liquid polish blacking, who opened his stock in trade on C street a day or two since, found business rather dull. In order to attract a crowd he announced from his stand that there would be a short intermission in the glue and blacking trade, during which he could relate the story of the "Prodigal Daughter." "Down in Missouri, whar I us't to live, a yaller gal once give me her experience at a darky festival. Said she: 'Brudden an' sist'n, de week afore last, in de aftanoon, I was jist a-gwine to got over de fence when dar I see befo' me sebenteen big yaller rattlesum snakes. Den I look behind me, an' dar I see sebenteen an' elebenteen moah big yaller rattlesum snakes, an' every mudder son of dem snakes had his tail up en' his mouf open, jist a sayin', 'We am de resurrection an' de life; got down off dat fence an' come unto us.' But den I knowed it war de debbil. I jist turn to an' pray de Lord, an' less'n one minit de Lord he sent me down a pair of golden slippers. Den I put on dem dar golden slippers, an' I jist scoot out over de backs of dem rattlesum snakes, all de same as Dan'l come up out of de den of lions." "Now, then," cried the glue pedler, "come up and buy wunderful glue an' incomparable blacking—give me the golden slippers—and I promise that I will slide off this business quicker'n that yaller gal slid out over the backs of them air rattlesnakes."—*Nevada Enterprise.*

THE LATE DAN BRYANT.

The Olive Wreath on the left signifies Peace; the Oak on the right, Strength.

(For an account of his obsequies see City Summary.)

DEAR IRELAND! THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY G. B. HARCOURT.

Dear Ireland! I love thee, thy vales and thy mountains;
And beauty and grandeur proclaim thee their home,
Whilst dark flowing streams and crystallized fountains
O'er thy fertilized bosom delightfully roam:
But lovelier than all are thy beautiful daughters,
Whose smiles are like sunbeams that gladden the earth,
Whose forms are more fair than the nymphs of the waters—
They bless and adore thee, lov'd land of my birth.

Dear Ireland! I love thee, the home of my fathers,
Whom liberty honored as chiefs in her cause,
Though hoary destruction now silently gathers
Around the gray relics that speak their applause;
And sympathy raises with tears of affection
A lasting memorial of infinite worth
To those who in shelter from sword and subjection,
E'en dying defended thee, land of my birth.

Dear Ireland! I love thee, long famed in thy glory,
And forthcoming ages shall cherish thy fame;
The deeds of thy heroes, unrivaled in story,
With trophies immortal now blazon thy name;
No more may fierce war's bloody trumpet sound o'er thee,
Be thy battle hymns changed for the anthems of mirth;
May the song of the bard have no cause to deplore thee,
But peace ever smile on thee, land of my birth.

"MY MAN FRED" AT THE OLD OLYMPIC.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MNEMOSYNE.

Memory becomes not only treacherous, but somewhat confused of the time so long passed. Yet even without the slightest data the majority of the salient points and much of the text remain fresh, and, as a memorial and curiosity of the days when the drama was so much at variance with the present, cannot fail to be interesting.

Famous for the burlesques produced in rapid succession, the old Olympic would stand pre-eminent even amid the present rush for "variety," and the one of which we write is like lifting the curtain upon forgotten scenes. But to repeople the stage now as then would indeed be to call up shadowy spirits.

It was a travestie upon the weird and famous poem of Byron, but as unlike it as can possibly be imagined—a strange admixture of song, "spouting," dancing and local hits and reproduction of places.

The piece opened with a "boss chimney-sweep" (Mitchell) sitting alone in a dim room, by a table, with long pipe and pewter mug, and thus soliloquizing:

"This pot must be replenished. Yet, I think,
It ne'er will hold as much as I can drink.
My slumbers, when I slumber, are not sleep,
But interrupted with a cry of 'sweep,'
And yet I hear it not.
But to my task. Ye little 'prentice lads,
Ye foundlings, ye that never knew your dads,
Who black yourselves, in sooty essence dwell,
And love the dingy cellar passing well—
To whom the tops of houses are but skips or hops—
I call upon ye, by the indentures that bind ye here,
And give me power o'er ye—rise! appear!"
(A pause.)
"They wake not yet. Now, by a slice of bread,
By which the first that rises shall be fed,
Or by May-day, which comes but once a year,
I do invoke ye—rise, get up, appear!"
(A pause.)
"This inattention is even worse than rude!
Now, by a power more potent than the rest—
Clean water is a thing ye all detest!—
If you don't get up, I'll duck you! Do ye hear?
Get up, ye lazy rascals—rise! appear!"
(Answer by a little voice.)
"I've got up and wish to know
For what it was you hollered so?"
(A deep bass voice.)
"The monarch of chimneys, you know,
I swept him long ago,
With a six-foot brush
Of the strongest rush,
And a scraper as long as a hoe.
I'm the best hand
In all the land,
And can sweep a gas-pipe white,
And why from my bed of straw
Have ye called me up to-night?"

Boss.—"I called ye up to know the reason why ye earn so little money?"

Little Sweep.—Master, why? We give you all we earn, you know;
How can we help it if the trade's so-so?"

Boss.—"Ye mock me and I've called ye up in vain,
So ye can all three go to—bed again!"

The scene changed. The "boss sweep" was standing in front of and looking solemnly at the black ruins of the National Theatre (corner of Leonard and Church streets), then recently destroyed by fire, and again gave vent to his thoughts in the same free and easy rhyme as before:

"This is the National. But ah, I see
It isn't now the thing it used to be.
Where is the *Sheriff's* soul-entrancing sound,
And where *Augusta's* graceful bound?
Spirit of *Pension!* where's thy magic bow,
With fiddlers or all nations sitting in a row?
Shades of the arches! where's the theatre's dome?
An echo answers, 'Where's my boy blood's home?'
This desolation fills my heart with woe.
Where's *Wilson*, with 'John Anderson, my Joe?'
Echo is in the pit and fills the gallery,
But echo cannot pay an actor's salary!"

There was much more of the speech, with reference to the manager as "the soul of honor and the child of fame," and personal allusions to actors, and regrets for the loss of the building. Then, and suddenly, the scene changed; the curtain was raised, and upon the stage appeared actresses and actors—Mrs. Timm, "Jule" Singleton, Horncastle and Everhard, dressed for the various parts, and singing as those whose names have been mentioned!

But even here the inevitable "gag" had to be introduced and done upon the very first night of the representation, forcing the audience into laughter, and even bringing a smile to the trained faces of the actors.

Pretty and petted Mrs. Baldock was late, and came upon the stage after the curtain had raised, looking very charming (at least to the younger men and boys) in a brand dress. She was to sing a favorite of that day, "On yonder rock reclining," from the opera of "Fra Diavolo." Mitchell looked sharply at her and her "limbs," and instantly repeated, as soberly as if belonging to the text:

"Don't come here with any of your beggin's.
Who ever saw a brigand with his leggins?"

Certainly they hid her fair proportions on subsequent nights, for the *leg*-itimate drama was not in vogue then as now. *Laus Deo!* But, too much confused to answer, and with a cheek shown by the paint of nature, she took her place and never sang with more spirit and abandon. And so, too, was it with all.

In fact, there never were plays or a theatre in which actors and actresses entered more into or apparently enjoyed their parts. Apparently? No, actually. And surely never one where the words were more "suited to the action and the action to the words." Looking back now, and, of course, calmly after the lapse of so many years, and with all the glamor of such things upon a boyish fancy obliterated, and after being familiar with the stage, before and behind the curtain, during the majority of that time, I see that fact standing boldly forth—see as if but yesterday the old Olympic in all its pristine glory, and know that "the play was the thing" to catch the feelings of both those who saw and those who were a part thereof. Can the same be truly said of the new? a truer one.

But the performance of the mixed operatic parts finished, the notes of the ballad died away, the "boss sweep" spoke yet again, ending with:

"Come, I'll conduct you to a house, though small,
That will contain a part, if not quite all.
Spirits of Olympus, ye who live on laughter,
Show us the place where we shall set hereafter."

Clang! as by magic the scenes were slid back, the "set" stage appeared, and in the rear loomed up a remarkably perfect "counterfeit presentment" of the front of the theatre. The applause that followed was a genuine "Olympic" one. The audience were ever enthusiastic, even fierce in their demonstrations of both approval and disgust, and they gave free vent to the former, and made the very foundations tremble almost as literally as if an earthquake was testing its powers preparatory to a final demolishment!

Then, even while hands and feet and voices were giving their testimony in approval of the matter, a sylph, clad in gauze and spangles and crowned as with diamonds, skimmed along the stage, and "La Petite Celeste" twinkled her feet (not very "petite" ones, for what dancer ever had?) before their eyes in a manner that made many a youthful heart bound aloft so suddenly as to almost stop his breath.

She, little, bright, lissome thing, was the idol and pet of the pit. They believed her to be something very near akin to divinity—looked upon her as the peer of "Jule" Turnbull at the Bowery (who subsequently took her place and usurped her honors), and even the "Divine Fanny" (as Elsler was called) at the Park! In their estimation the girl was without a rival, and a "free fight" could be instantly arranged upon a simple assertion to the contrary.

Of course she received an encore—was generally made to dance (as Kirby used to be made to dis at the Chatham) until the gods of the pit were satisfied, or rather until she gave out from exhaustion and was hurried away home by her mother.

Then the curtain dropped for the

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1875.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ **Letters seeking information replied to only through this department: no answers by mail.**

TOUCH.—The shoulder-straps prescribed for the General of the U. S. Army are of dark-blue cloth, 1¾ inches wide by 4 inches long, bordered with an embroidery of gold one-fourth of an inch wide; two silver embroidered stars of five rays each, and gold embroidered "Arms of the United States" between them. For the Lieutenant-general: the same as for the General, except that there are three silver embroidered stars of five rays, one star on the centre of strap, and one on each side, equidistant between the centre and outer edge of the strap, the centre star to be the largest. Major-generals wear two stars and Brigadiers one. On the breast of the General's double-breasted frock-coat are two rows of buttons, twelve in each row, placed by fours. On that of the Lieutenant-general there are ten buttons in each of the two rows; the upper and lower groups by threes, and the middle groups by fours.

J. C.—W. K. Linyard was born in Birmingham, Eng., Jan. 5, 1837, and came to America in 1845. He was a member of the Bonbennia Dramatic Association (amateur) in this city for many years. He first appeared on the dramatic stage, under the name of W. R. Goodwin, in Memphis, Tenn., in 1863. He acted under his own name at Alexandria, Va., during the season of 1864-5. Was at the old Bowery Theatre in this city in 1866-7, and for several years thereafter was engaged with traveling companies. We have not heard of him for some months.

M., Houston.—1. The train known as "The Flying Dutchman," on the Great Western R. R. From Paddington to Bristol, 118½ miles, leaves at 11:45 A. M., and arrives at 2:21 P. M. 2. Probably on the Pennsylvania Central, which has a train that averages about thirty-two miles an hour from New York to Pittsburg, making but three or four stops. This is undoubtedly the fastest for the distance, though we presume there is a faster time-table on other American roads, especially in the daytime on short straight runs.

NEIL SEXNI, Washington.—You are slightly mixed. George Seward's best 100yds. time, which is also the best on record, was 9¾sec., made on a turnpike road at the Seven Stars Inn, Hammersmith, Eng., Sept. 20, 1844. It was Wantling who was reported to have run the distance in 9sec., but of this *Bell's Life* (to which you refer) says in an issue before us says: "Wantling has never been reliably timed. He was undoubtedly a good man, but his 100yds. in 9sec. is all moonshine."

S. T., Washington.—The first American ocean mail steamer was the Washington. She was first timber vessel here on Sept. 7, 1846; she was launched on Jan. 30, 1847, and sailed on her first voyage on the following June 1. She was followed by the Hermann and the Humboldt of the same line.

J. B. B., Ogden.—Is that of the orig. Ogden. 2. Please explain the word "transpire;" but it is now so obsolete in that sense that no person who desired to be understood would use it, they more than he would say "perspire" for "liable." M. would adopt either "sweat" or "perspire."

J. C. M., Carnnington.—1. That dog ought to have written it, and sold it right therein to Dion Boucicault, who is announced as the author. 2. We prefer not to state the religious beliefs of professional persons. 3. Those are the only names they are known by. 4. Maybe Daly has not seen the best run at the three-ball game; and John McDevitt at the four-ball. 5. May 3.

J. H., Brooklyn, Brooklyn.—J. B. Johnson informs us that in February, 1873, at Alexandra Hall, Manchester, Eng., he remained under water, in his tank, 4min. 8sec., as timed by the representative of *The Manchester Guardian*. He states that Billy Edwards was present at the time, and also says that he was timed to 3min. 55sec. at one of the London, Eng., music-halls.

W. H., Jersey City.—You win the champagne. J. B. Johnson remained under water 3min. 35sec. at Agricultural Hall, London, Eng., and 3min. 10sec. at the South London Palace. At one time he offered to match himself to stay under water four minutes, if anyone would lay £200 to £100, provided he be allowed to regulate the temperature of the water.

G. S., Williamsburg.—*St. John, N. B.—Globe, News, Telegraph and Journal, Tribune, Freeman, St. John.—Courier, Chronicle, Express, Courier, Public Ledger, Times and Commercial Gazette, North Star, Patriot and Catholic Herald, Royal Gazette, Telegraph, Temperance Journal.* Harbor Grace, N. F.—*Standard.*

M. E. L., Burlington.—We would not advise you to attempt it. There is but one way to insure success, and that is to commence at the beginning. At ten years at least you would be required to gain a prominent position, you will readily perceive the difficulties which would then present themselves.

IMPORTANT, Brainard.—If the draw holds over twenty dollars, the party who bets that it holds twenty dollars will win. The nature of the "way" could be changed, however, were the other party to say "just twenty dollars." That would mean "neither more nor less," while the pending proposition can be held to mean only "that or more."

MINSTREL, Indianapolis.—From $20 to $100 per week, according to merit and reputation. 2. By actual practice with some minstrel troupe or in a variety theatre. No book published. 3. Send to Frank Dumont, 201 Bowery, for his advertisement, for a copy of his "Showman's Guide." 4. Buy them of other performers, or have some written to order.

CONTINENTAL, Baltimore.—1. It would depend in a great measure upon his professional reputation and ability; say from $25 to $100 per week. 2. In the Summer. 3. Leader, repiteur (who play first violins), two second violins, baritone, flute, cornet, trombone, violoncello and double-bass.

NIXY, Pittsburg.—1. Railroad speed, whether of regular or of excursion trains, is much greater in Europe than in America, that it is useless to make any comparison. 2. The teas that is drawn, the greater the speed. If an engine is inclined to jump the track, a mere coupling will not prevent the doing so.

J. B., Owego.—1. Companies are generally made up during July or August, and in order to attract attention your advertisement should appear during that time. Salaries would range from $20 and expenses to $50, according to merit and reputation.

WILSON.—She is an actress who came here some years ago from California. During the season of 1873-74 she was engaged in New Orleans; a portion of the season of 1873-74 she acted as Wallack's in this city, and since then has been idle most of the time. She has been married.

KELLOGG.—1. We do not in this department express our opinion of the artistic merits of any professional performer, nor compare them with those of others. 2. See our musical summary. 4 Not this season. 5. It is purely a matter of opinion. 6. En route to California.—Ed.

COLLEY CIBBER, Jr., Cincinnati.—In this city March 24, 1842. 2. In England—Agnes was born in June, 1851; Jennie in July, 1852. 3. Born in Belfast, Ireland. First appeared with Joe Sweeney's Minstrels, but cannot say where. 4. Yes. 5. Born in New York City.

S. T., Washington.—The first American ocean mail steamer was the Washington. She was first timber vessel here on Sept. 7, 1846; she was launched on Jan. 30, 1847, and sailed on her first voyage on the following June 1. She was followed by the Hermann and the Humboldt of the same line.

J. B. B., Ogden.—That is one

cents per pound; they weighed altogether 5,350lb., which made their total value $333, or $41.62 each..... The Utica Park Association have fixed upon Sept. 7, 8 and 9 for their annual trotting meeting, and on Sept. 27, 28, 29, 30, and Oct. 1 and 2 for their annual running meeting..... Four Norman stallions were recently sold by R. S. Chisholm of Kane Co., Ill., for $10,700..... It is stated that an offer of $10,000 was made and refused for the well-known trotting mare Belle Brasfield, now owned in Pittsburg.

THE WAVERLY PARK Gentlemen's Driving Association of Newark, N. J., have elected the officers herein named: President, John Reylan; secretary, Chas. W. Reeve; treasurer, N. J. Demarest.

BILLIARDS.

THE BROOKLYN TOURNAMENT.
Garnier Wins First Prize, Vignaux the Second, J. Dion the Third, and Ubassy the Fourth.

So far as related to the regular series of games, the Assembly Billiard-house Tournament was brought to a close on Tuesday night, April 13. The first prize was disposed of on Monday night, when Garnier defeated Cyrille Dion, the winner's average being 11.5-27, and the loser's 7.26-27; the winner's best run being 89, and the loser's 27. Dion did not make such long runs as Garnier, but he more than discounted the latter in avoiding ciphers, missing but thrice in twenty-seven innings, thus showing superior steadiness. The game was well played, and in this respect was superior to at least one other that preceded it. Budd Scofield was the victim of a surprise in being accepted as referee.

GAME NO. 19.—MONDAY NIGHT, APRIL 12.

C. DION.		GARNIER.		C. DION.		GARNIER.	
Inn.	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Inn.*	*Count.*	*Total.*
1	0		4		15	0	110
2	8		0		16	5	115
3	0	23	8	12	17	13	128
4	27	50	1		18	23	151
5	3	53	0	13	19	7	158
6	3	56	0	13	20	1	159
7	1	57	1	14	21	2	161
8	2	59	0	14	22	9	170
9	3	62	0	14	23	0	170
10	15	77	5	19	24	20	190
11	4	81	1	20	25	3	193
12	15	96	3	23	26	8	201
13	11	107	5	28	27	14	215
14	3	110	37	65			

The next contest was between Maurice Daly and Rudolphe. The former, who had no chance to win anything at all, while it was possible for the latter to cause a tie of five players for second, third, and fourth prizes, now did his best playing, making in the third inning the best run of the tourney, and winning by 86 in the thirteenth inning, thus recording, also, the best average of the series. A striking feature of this game is that in the twenty-six innings constituting it there were but two ciphers, these being Rudolphe's. Daly counting every time he went to the table. Rudolphe has made some splendid losing averages in Brooklyn, his 16.6-13 against Daly having never before been reached by a loser in a tournament. In one sense, his record in this affair may never be equaled: although he has won but a solitary game, still his grand average is third highest, and but slightly inferior to that of Garnier, who won five games. Daly's best run was 127, sixteen points higher than Ubassy's, which is next. Rudolphe's was 55, and his average 16.6-33. Referee, Budd Scofield.

GAME NO. 20.—MONDAY NIGHT, APRIL 12.

RUDOLPHE.		DALY.					
Inn.	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Inn.*	*Count.*	*Total.*
1	0		2		8	8	162
2	0		11		9	4	166
3	34	27	127	138	10	0	166
4	47	74	32	170	11	7	173
5	16	102	3	173	12	40	213
6	31	133	19	192	13		214
7	1	154	4	196			

But one game remained to complete the full series, and that was between Vignaux and Rudolphe. The latter, with either his excellent general average (11.8-16), was beaten 116, his best run being 34, while that of Vignaux, whose average was 17.11-17, was 51. Referee, Joseph Dion.

GAME NO. 21—TUESDAY NIGHT, APRIL 13.

RUDOLPHE.				VIGNAUX.			
Inn.	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Inn.*	*Count.*	*Total.*
1	44	44	1		10	0	157
2	0	95	0		11	28	185
3	24	119	1		12	16	201
4	19	138	104	105	13	20	221
5	29	167	49	154	14	1	222
6	1	168	2	156	15	8	230
7	1	73	37	193	16	8	177
8	2	75	43	236			

Joseph, following up his victory over his brother, now triumphed over Ubassy also. The winning average being 6.42-43, and the closing one 4.28-43. The best runs were 54 by Dion, and 25 by Ubassy.

UBASSY.			J. DION.		
Ins.	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*
1	0		1	6	24
2	1	1	1	7	31
3	3	4	0	7	31
4	5	9	2	8	36
5	0	9	0	8	27
6	1	10	2	10	28
7	3	13	0	10	29
8	0	13	0	10	30
9	0	13	4	14	30
10	2	15	0	14	30
11	25	40	0	14	30
12	1	41	1	15	30
13	1	42	0	15	30
14	0	42	0	15	30
15	0	42	0	15	30
16	0	42	0	15	30
17	0	42	0	15	30
18	0	42	0	15	30
19	0	42	0	15	30
20	0	42	0	15	30
21	0	42	0	15	30
22	0	42	0	15	30
23	12	54	0	15	30
24	0	54	0	15	30
25	0	54	0	15	30
26	0	54	0	15	30

THE EDITOR AT THE FREE LUNCH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. A. H. D.

Bring forth me hash;
Stir well the season cup;
Betake the wine from out the vulgar cask;
I would regale me, and cheery nectar sup.
But first I will crave of the gods their grace.
Ho! 'Tis but trash: I'll none of it!
'Tis scarcely fit the thirst of swine to slake.
Go! Hear thee well? Ask mercy from the boss or, by the cup I now do hold, I'll stab thee, knave, with words that will destroy—not as the dagger, knave, but will devour thy poor weak soul with greedy haste.
Avaunt, slave, and see to my behest,
Or thou wilt have to tramp at my request.
Stay not within my sight, nor linger near—
Vamoose the ranch, and look well to thine ear,
Or I may smite it off.
Then 'twould be said
Thou art a one-eared jackass, by thy head.
Seek not to anger me; for when with rage
This breast upheaves, the lions loose their cage!
And I would make of this hash-shop a hell
That would in place of Hades answer well."
The waiter smiled upon the wrathy brow—
A smile of strong contempt, of great disdain—
And thus the editor addressed: "As how,
I'll close those peepers if you speak again,
You talk about a raisin' of a muss,
An' cuttin' me with words, an' all of my ear,
An' raisin' hell in this here boardin'-house?
I'll chaw yer up, an' spit yer out—yer hear?"
The editor uprose: a stream of ire
Flew from his eyes; his cheek was flashing fire.
"You dare to speak to me!
Why, knave, 't has been my way
To eat a waiter almost every day
For mere amusement.
"Go make thy peace with all—
A policy take out on thy poor life,
And then we'll hire a hall
And give a benefit unto thy wife."
The clouds had burst, and now the ire
Poured out in one incessant stream of fire.
The tables fell—the deif broke in twain—
Out on the battle waged, and raged again.
The walls were shaken; but above the clash
The waiter's voice was heard: "Here's yer fresh hash."
At last the fracas ended, and then the crowd
Stole up and peered within; and through a cloud
Of dust there could be seen
Two ghastly forms.
Two defunct corpses lay
Amid the ruins of the deadly fray.
They dug one hole and put both bodies in,
Nor mourned, nor shed a tear, nor heaved a sigh;
The devil had his due—the grave its own;
So let them in their glory lie.
No marble monument stands o'er their graves,
But just a stone inscribed "Here lie two knaves."

THE VIOLET BOUQUET.

A Romance of the Ballet.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES WIGHT.

THE SCENE—*Chicago.* TIME—*the memorable fire of* 1871.

On every side, far as the eye could reach, the forking flames were shooting up, jumping entire blocks with the rapidity of lightning. The crash of falling buildings, at times, drowned all other sounds. The entire northeastern portion of the city had been consumed as far as the river. The scene on the lake shore was awful in the extreme. Hundreds and thousands of people had rushed there in the hope of safety. When they perceived Michigan avenue, the last street facing the lake—ablaze, the terror and agony became intense. Women were wildly screaming. Young girls, with disheveled hair and apparel all awry, could with difficulty be prevented from throwing themselves into the lake. Strong men fainted with the agony of despair; while high above all could be heard the brutal cries of wretches, maddened with strong drink, bent on rapine and pillage in the midst of general dismay. Some of these ruffians exhibited the worst passions of human nature in full play. Age or sex formed no protection against their fiendish outrages.

"Help! Help! O God of mercy! help!"

It was a woman's voice, pitched in the highest key of terror. Strange as it may appear, the only ear the appeal seemed to reach was that of a young officer of the U. S. A. He hastened to the spot indicated by the agonized cries, and found, in an outhouse, a miscreant engaged in the robbery of an elderly lady, while this villain was making preparations to violate a young lady of twenty.

The young officer uttered a yell like a tiger, rushed at the villains with savage violence, and, with gigantic strength, felled them to the earth and literally trampled them under his feet.

It was just daylight. The two ladies looked upon their rescuer, and beheld a young man of noble mien formed on the model of the ancient gladiators.

They thanked him vehemently; the younger with tears in her lovely brown eyes; the elder by flying at his face thus:

"Oh, you (kiss), noble (kiss), strong (kiss), brave (kiss), beautiful (kiss), darling (kiss), I—I—I—(kiss). Oh! (a flood of hysteric tears)."

It was no time for dalliance; and the two ladies and their champion were soon crushing through the surging crowd that filled the street leading to the railroad depot.

There they parted; the ladies to proceed East, the soldier to remain.

As Mars pressed the hand of the still agitated but divinely beautiful girl, a wave of feeling broke, spray-like, through his soul. Cupid's dart had pierced him, even in the midst of such an awful carnival as this.

"May I ask the name of my preserver?" she said with a soft smile.

"Hewit Osborne, lieutenant of the —th, Regular Army. And yours?"

"Belle Darnley, of ——"

"I'm so sorry you're not a-goin' with us," noisily burst in the elderly lady; and while she rattled away the crowded train started. A waving of handkerchiefs, a wafting of passionate kisses, and the strange episode was over.

Three months later Lieutenant Osborne arrived in New York, and among the *débutantes* of the ballet he recognized Bell Darnley. With wild surprise, as if to marble struck, he gazed at the glowing creature as in an ecstasy of *abandon* she exhibited the voluptuous allurements of her art.

"The white arms and the raven hair—the braids
And bracelets—swan-like bosom—the thin robes
Floating like light clouds 'twixt his gaze and heaven—
The madly twinkling feet, so small and sylph-like,"

fired his brain until his heart glowed like heated steel.

The young soldier remained spellbound until the divine *artiste* shot behind the wings. Then he looked for Belle Darnley in the programme. There was no such name. A senorita, a mademoiselle and a madame, all with Latinized surnames, comprised the corps de ballet. He rushed to the stage door and was grimly repulsed by an inexorable Cerberus. An impulsive outlay of ten dollars elicited the scrimp hint:

"Guess it's Mendeli you're after."

Mars went into a torrent of detail about the Chicago fire.

"Better see her mother," said Cerberus with an exasperating lack of interest.

He saw the mother forthwith, and was chilled to the midriff. She didn't, couldn't and wouldn't recollect him, or fire, or Chicago!

He pounced upon Senorita Mendeli, *nee* Belle Darnley, and proclaimed his name in her ear. She told him, in excellent English, she would call a policeman if he "annoyed and humbugged" her. Then she jumped in each beside her mother and was driven away.

"Hell and damnation!" cried Osborne, and rushed into a "sample-room."

Existence next day was a frenzied dream to the disappointed lieutenant. He circulated round: drank wine like a politician; and sighed like a stripling. At night he went to the theatre with a twenty-five dollar bouquet, having a tiny note and a ring worth five hundred dollars concealed among the flowers. He saw her face light up when the usher presented it. All that he had ever seen written in praise of grace and beauty was tame in comparison to Mendeli that night.

Next day she employed his imagination till the evening; when, O rapture! she looked at him and smiled sweetly and pointedly. A hundred pairs of eyes were instantly turned towards him in envy; and, as his senses drank in her perfections, he resolved to win and wear her as his wife.

"Fanny Elsler's twirls turned Waldo Emerson's and Boston's head," he wrote her next day; "and she was, I suppose, no more to be compared to these than I am to the Archangel Michael."

After getting his mind relieved in this way he felt "sustenated, fortified, corroborated and consoled."

The lady and he began to meet occasionally; and after receiving several valuable presents she remembered all about the Chicago fire and felt extremely grateful. Then he told her that he had one hundred thousand dollars in his own right, and asked her, point-blank, to be his wife. She shot him an ardent glance and flew away, leaving him in a state of delicious doubt.

He left the army and incurred the bitter censure and objurgation of his parents. He squandered his money in buying the *danseuse* expensive jewelry and in conciliating the Gorgon her mother.

During the subsequent twelve months he had traveled with the bewitching dancer to California and Cuba, and had dissipated more than half his fortune. The Gorgon died; Mars and his nun ever lavished money over a funeral with a lighter heart than Osborne did over hers. No one but the recording angel could have any idea of the census of anathemas he heaped on the old lady's head while she "shadowed" her daughter.

Belle Mendeli and he returned to New Orleans; and he engaged a beautiful octoroon girl to be my lady's maid. As for him, he had become her abject slave; and she treated him with the contempt and contumely becoming his mental degradation. Never was a man more servile and humiliated; never was a spoiled beauty more arrogant and supercilious. She made the most audacious demands upon his purse, while personally she kept him at a severe distance. When she wanted more jewelry, she petted him as one pets a dog or a child; but she never treated him as a man whose wife she had promised to become. She lavished smiles on elegantly-attired, butterfly-moustachioed puppets of men, and went riding with them at Osborne's expense, while he hung round with a hungering heart. Over and over again he swore he would never himself from this soulless tyrant; but a smile and a look would melt his docile him to his despicable bondage. He was a mere lump of clay in the hands of this Machiavellian potter.

These peculiar relations between her mistress and Osborne soon attracted the attention of Mabel Bligh, the octoroon maid. This shrewd Venus threw many a burning glance and seductive smirk at the fickle lover, until finally he began to like the girl, to fee her, and to question her about her mistress. Mabel was an uncommonly gifted liar, with a bold and fertile imagination, and she consequently soon succeeded in making Osborne the most jealous man in the United States. Jealousy is a fearful passion, and it prompts a thirst for blood, whether of the thing it loves or the thing it hates. Whereupon he swore a horrible oath to the girl that he would strangle the Mendeli as the Moor had strangled Desdemona, and he would hew her paramours in pieces as Samuel had hewn the Five Kings at Gilgal.

Then she giggled enticingly; told him he was a fool; advised him to wait till he had certain, sure proof of his love's impurity; and ended by falling upon his shoulder in a highly inflammable condition.

He was not particularly shocked by this amorous demonstration. If the truth must be told, he was rather elated than otherwise; but he was not tempted into *liaison*—his deep affection for Belle Mendeli kept him from the brink of this moral precipice. But the girl and he became more confidential; and while she loved him with an overwhelming passion, she entertained towards her mistress an ungovernable hate.

In spite of Osborne's liberality and urgent remonstrances, Mendeli returned to the stage, and enjoyed a series of intoxicating triumphs. *Vivats* and bouquets were showered upon her, while Osborne looked on as melancholy and despondent as a gib cat. Wealthy and influential admirers threw themselves and their hearts at her feet. The man who had sacrificed position, parents, everything, for her was thrown into the background—a target for jeers and scoffs. Yet his infatuation was so complete and his natural self-respect so demoralized, that he followed her, and dogged her, and peered at her, like a discomfited and imbecile "rooster" around a pert and triumphant hen.

One day Mabel said to him:

"If you were half a man you wouldn't stand her airs. She has fellows coming to her rooms at midnight. Why don't ye try her with a love powder?"

"A love powder! What is that, pray?"

"Something to force her to like you—so that she can't help it—ye understan'."

"Pshaw! that's all moonshine!"

"Is it, faith? Jest you try it; you'll see whether it be moonshine or not; you bet."

"Try it; how can I try it; what is it?"

"I know an ole man. He'll fix it for you; jest you gi' me ten dollars."

He handed her the note, and turned on his heel without uttering another word.

Next night, after Mendeli had achieved another saltatorial triumph, when the stage was a blaze of calcium and glory, and the acclamations shook the dome, a unique bouquet was handed to the charming *assoluta* by an usher. It was composed entirely of violets, artistically massed in a beautiful miniature vase of golden filagree. She was perfectly delighted with the odorous tribute, and repeatedly and almost vehemently inhaled its rich and rare fragrance. So jealous was she of it that she would permit no other olfactory to approach it. She drew herself apart to sniff at it; and the more she sniffed the more eager she became. The appetite of smell increased by what fed it, until the coryphees began to nudge each other and whisper:

"Look what a big fool Mendeli's making of herself over them violets; the *fellow* must be a good friend to her."

When the ballet-master approached, to remind her that her turn to appear was close at hand, she uttered a piercing scream—a scream so shrill and woebegone that it reminded one pair of ears in the house of an incident of the Chicago fire. Her eyeballs were protruding, the pupils were abnormally extended, and her whole facial appearance was unspeakably distressing. Seized with a sudden impulse, she rushed to and fro on the stage, muttering incoherently. She dropped on her knees imploring the protection of the ballet-master, utterly refusing to rise or realize her position. Finally she was carried into the "green-room" by the amazed coryphees, who were now convinced that they saw before them a gigantic misfortune that had merged into madness.

Mabel the maid wrung her hands and shrieked becomingly. Then she went to call a coach.

The violet bouquet disappeared with her, and was seen no more.

When the unfortunate artiste reached her hotel, the excitement was at fever heat. The scene beggars description, and it is therefore useless to attempt it.

The physician said there had been "foul play." The ballet-master and the lady's confidante immediately declared it impossible. A coryphee mentioned the incident of the violet bouquet. The doctor said he would like to examine it. An exhaustive search was instituted for it. It was nowhere to be found.

"Her reason is gone for the present," said the doctor on taking his leave; "and it is my belief that one of the Vaudoux has had a finger in this tragedy."

Meantime Osborne was frantically drinking brandy and discussing the disaster in a loud and incoherent manner. He soon lost all control of himself; and, before long, horrified everybody by boasting that he knew all about Mendeli's madness.

"Oh, he's a drunken crazy drunk!" cried his listeners with contemptuous disgust.

More bumpers of brandy prostrated him in a fit; and, when he recovered consciousness, he told something like a coherent tale about Mabel Bligh having gone to an old man to procure some sort of "love powder" that had been applied to the violet bouquet.

The girl was questioned and said:

"Osborne is mad as Mendeli."

He was put to bed, the girl promising to assist the male attendant in looking after him. At two in the morning Mabel crept into his apartment. He was sleeping stertorously. She applied a damp rag to his nostrils, and held it there for three minutes by the clock. Then all was still. Hewit Osborne was no more. The murderess stole downstairs and left the hotel. She proceeded to a mean-looking "shanty," and rapped at the window-shutter.

"Who's dar?" cried a voice from within.

"Mabel. Hush! Let me in!"

The door was softly opened by a weazened-looking old negro.

"'Twas all right, Uncle Dan'l," said the girl; "but ye see, *he got drunk and busted on me;* an' then I used the other on him, ye see."

"Wha-at, yer don't mean ——?"

"Ya-as, I do," was her quiet response; "and now I want ye to gi' me somethin' to cure the dancer—my mistress. Pity it happent so, aint it, Uncle Dan'l?"

"Let me see—dat was—dat was—dat was—dat was—weren't it?" said the old poisoner musingly. "Ah, yes; and here is the antidote—see, gal? Among food or drink time—she won't taste it, not she."

Sure enough, she didn't taste it. In four days she was perfectly convalescent, and regarded the incident of the violet bouquet and its consequences as a fearful nightmare. She went to Europe and pursued her profession with undiminished success.

The subtle poison by which her reason was dethroned is one of the impenetrable secrets of the Vaudoux or Obi men.

HAUNTED DOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JACK STRAW.

I will begin by premising that it was with great pleasure that I met Jack Rackett. We used to be called a "pair of Jacks." Had I but known the misery meeting with him would entail, I would have shunned him like a leper. Jack had been my classmate. He was very clever. So was I—at least people said so. Jack had written some brilliant sketches, and had been immediately engaged by Vollum, Meanwhile I had been scribbling away. Jack was glad to see me, and I was glad to see him, because it had a certain quality. He wanted copy for the next number of *The Comet*—would I write something? anything. I was green then, and wanted to be read, and was ambitious and wished to see myself in print, and all that sort of thing; so I rashly consented. Had I but known the misery an acquiescence to Jack's request would entail on me, I would have refused. Alas! I did not know the future. I wrote a column of copy for *The Comet*, containing some rather neat things, I think. Among these "Chips from My Own Head," as I facetiously called them, was the following little epitaph:

Why is a cat like a cannon? Because it can mew-till-late.

Had I but known the misery that miserable conundrum would entail on me, would I, could I, have penned it? Never! No, never! Time passed on. I often dozed. *The Comet* languished, and I purchased two copy with exquisable pride, and took it to my lowly cot. I like a man who is contented with his lot in life—if it has a brown-stone mansion. It was a Fifth-avenue boarding-house. Dick—you know Dick De Ruyter?—well, Dick got hold of that *Comet*. Dick read it. Dick laughed. When he came to my Chips he smiled; when he had read the first he laughed (inside of him); then he burst into a roar. I knew what it was—he had read that really funny conundrum. He asked me why a cat was like a cannon? Then he smiled. I gave it up. Then he laughed. Then he said, because it can mew-till-late. Then he howled with ecstatic delight. I smiled pleasantly, not conceitedly; great authors are seldom conceited. Dick said it was the best thing he had seen for years. Dick is a man of more ability than I had hitherto supposed. The next day I read it *The Meteors*—which is published by Schapter & Worm, the only rivals of Vollum & Evans—a scathing criticism on *The Comet*. This notice pitched into my Chips; said they were "chips of the old block—the blockhead," and concluded by asking: "What should be thought of a dastardly ruffian, of a wretched hireling who dares to desecrate the language by asking why a cat like a cannon? Because it can mutilate!" After reading cannon? Because it can mutilate!" After reading that, I fainted. I never did like *The Meteor*. Jack Rackett said the *Metre* was puffed up with its own gas. This consoled me. The next day I took up *The Dimes*, and amongst the items I read: "Why is a cat like a cannon? Because it can mew-till-late." This was pleasing. The next day I read in *The Churl*: "Why is a cat like a cannon? Because it can mutilate." This was gratifying. The following day I read this shining light of Boston, *The Lamppost*, and saw "Why is a cat like a cannon? Because it can mutilate." This produced no effect upon me. The next day I read in *The Chicago Tornado*, "Why is a cat like a cannon?" I did not read the answer. I knew it by heart. This began to be monotonous. Within a week I read *The Sledger*, and found that "a cat was like a cannon because it can mutilate." That day I was ill. Then it began to haunt me. Had I but known, when writing that incendiary conundrum, the misery it was to entail upon me, I would never, never have penned it. Never! But still it haunted me. In every paper in the North, in the South, in the East, in the West, in daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly, in religious and profane papers, I read with horror: "Why is a cat like a cannon? Because it can mutilate." It was monotonous. I would be either ever made another conundrum it should be either one that nobody would read it, or so good that I should not care how often I read it. Time passed on. I grew older, better, stronger, more able to cope with conundrums and the other horrors of life. I was in California, near the Left Bower Mine. I don't wonder at anybody having left such a bower. It was not fragrant. It was not clean. While calmly writing my usual letter to *The Rocket* (the paper to which I was then attached; Jack Rackett said it was in accordance with the principle that every rocket must have a stick), I heard a noise. Then a howl. Then a shout followed by a roar. I supposed it was a vigilance committee. Eternal Vigilance Committee is the price of liberty. It *was* a V. C. Slippery Jake had just read to the assembled crowd a conundrum: "Why is a cat like a cannon? Because it can mutilate." The crowd had received it ecstatically. Slippery Jake, Esq., was the most ecstatic.

"If I could ever find the liar whot wrote thet, I'd scalp him, I would, by gol!"

That inebriating conundrum was becoming more monotonous. After this little occurrence, life in America was, of course, insupportable. I left. I America was, of course, insupportable. I left. I arrived. I went to Hold Hengland, where I supposed no devastating conundrum would, could or should follow me. Alas! One night I went to see the Christy Minstrels. They might remind me of home, sweet home. They did. When I entered, a sable gentleman was singing about Maggie. He told us pathetically how Maggie had golden hair, blue eyes and so forth—how Maggie was sad and pensive, how they planted Maggie by the sad sea-wave, where the drooping willow is weeping o'er her grave. Altogether, Maggie was an undesirable, uninteresting young female. The chorus was encored. Of course. That, I hinted, I never did like *The Meteor*. Jack Rackett said the *Metre* was puffed up with its own gas. This consoled me. The next day I took up *The Dimes*, and amongst the items I read: "Why is a cat like a cannon? Because it can mew-till-late." This was pleasing. The next day I read in *The Churl*: "Why is a cat like a cannon? Because it can mutilate." This was gratifying. The following day I read this shining light of Boston, *The Lamppost*, and saw "Why is a cat like a cannon? Because it can mutilate." This produced no effect upon me. The next day I read in *The Chicago Tornado*, "Why is a cat like a cannon?" I did not read the answer. I knew it by heart. This began to be monotonous. Within a week I read *The Sledger*, and found that "a cat was like a cannon because it can mutilate." That day I was ill. Then it began to haunt me. Had I but known, when writing that incendiary conundrum, the misery it was to entail upon me, I would never, never have penned it. Never! But still it haunted me. In every paper in the North, in the South, in the East, in the West, in daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly, in religious and profane papers, I read with horror: "Why is a cat like a cannon? Because it can mutilate." It was monotonous. I would be either ever made another conundrum it should be either one that nobody would read it, or so good that I should not care how often I read it. Time passed on. I grew older, better, stronger, more able to cope with conundrums and the other horrors of life. I was in California, near the Left Bower Mine. I don't wonder at anybody having left such a bower. It was not fragrant. It was not clean. While calmly writing my usual letter to *The Rocket* (the paper to which I was then attached; Jack Rackett said it was in accordance with the principle that every rocket must have a stick), I heard a noise. Then a howl. Then a shout followed by a roar. I supposed it was a vigilance committee. Eternal Vigilance Committee is the price of liberty. It *was* a V. C. Slippery Jake had just read to the assembled crowd a conundrum: "Why is a cat like a cannon? Because it can mutilate." The crowd had received it ecstatically. Slippery Jake, Esq., was the most ecstatic.

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CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

PARTING.

Let me kiss your lips, my darling;
Place your hand upon my heart.
Feel you not the painful throbbing?
Know you not that we must part?

Can you look into my eyes, love,
And not see the storm within?
Ah! you know that I adore you,
Though my passion is a sin.

Press me closer to your bosom,
Take your last look in my eyes;
We must bury our heart's secret,
Though we cannot hide our sighs.

God alone knows how I love you,
Knows how dear thou art to me,
Knows how sad will be my wanderings,
As fate leads me far from thee.

Will you, too, be sad and weary
As the years roll slowly by?
Miss our usual happy greeting
As the hour of night draws nigh?

Miss the smile I always gave you?
Miss my voice, "God bless my boy!"?
Miss the eyes that sought yours ever,
Meeting yours with pride and joy?

Long as I shall for the ending
Of a life that gives me pain,
Living only for the moment,
You and I shall meet again.

Ah! my darling, you are dearer,
Now I know—alas! too well—
We must part on earth forever,
We must breathe our last farewell.

NOMIA.

THE MARRIAGE OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The defenders of the memory and character of Mary Queen of Scots will now have occasion to again gird on their armor. Under the title of "A Lost Chapter in the History of Mary, Queen of Scots, Recovered," Dr. John Stuart of Edinburgh has related a new story of the events connected with the marriage of Bothwell with Lady Jane Gordon; his divorce from that lady and his marriage with the Queen, and the subsequent life of his divorced wife down to her death in 1629. After her divorce, to which she was a consenting party, she married the Earl of Sutherland, who had himself been divorced; and it was among the family papers of the present Earl of Sutherland that Dr. Stuart discovered, after it had been missing for three centuries, the most important of the papers on which the story is based—that is, Papal dispensation for the marriage of Bothwell and Lady Jane Gordon, who were cousins. The dispensation was granted on the 17th of February, 1566, by the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and sets forth that, although the parties were connected in double fourth degrees of consanguinity, liberty was granted to them to marry. Bothwell, however, was at this time claimed as a husband by two other women—one a Danish lady, the other Janet Betoun, who was afterwards the Lady of Buccleugh. However, the marriage was solemnized on the 22d of February, 1566, at the court, but not by a Roman Catholic priest. The lady was a Catholic, Bothwell was a Protestant, and the dispensation was needed only to satisfy the scruples of the lady. As the Queen knew of the existence of the dispensation, then she knew that the marriage was a lawful one in the eye of the church, and that her own subsequent marriage with Bothwell was illegal and void. Dr. Stuart brings forward many proofs to show that she must have had this knowledge. The proofs are strong, but they are perhaps not conclusive. However, in three weeks after occurred the murder of Rizzio; then Darnley was killed, and then Bothwell wished to marry the Queen. To do this it was necessary for him to get rid of his wife, and she was quite willing, and it was arranged between them that each should get a divorce from the other. But trickery and concealment now came into play; for the Catholic wife went before a Protestant court, proved the adultery of her husband with one of her servant maids, and obtained her divorce, while the Protestant husband applied to a Catholic tribunal, and, concealing the fact that the marriage had been solemnized by virtue of a dispensation, obtained a decree dissolving it on the ground of relationship within the prohibited degrees. Affairs were in such confusion in Scotland at this time that no record seems to have been kept by the Catholic authorities, and everything went at haphazard. The sentence declaring the marriage null was pronounced on May 7, 1567, only a little more than a year after it had been celebrated, and the marriage between Bothwell and Mary immediately followed. The important point, as regards Mary, is whether she knew of the dispensation, and Dr. Stuart gives it as his opinion that she was aware of it. But it is clear, at least, that Lady Jane Gordon did know of it, as it was obtained at her request. She was a devout Catholic, and remained so until her death; but she not only herself obtained a divorce from her husband on the ground of adultery, but also married again during his life. The truth seems to be that the Catholics in Scotland at that time were very much at sea—deprived to a great extent of their religious guides—and tempted in a thousand ways to make compromises and shipwrecks of their faith.—Cor. *N. Y. World.*

SUPPOSED SUICIDE OF A PROFESSIONAL SINGER.—Much interest has been excited at Aldershot, Eng., and, indeed, throughout the country, in consequence of the supposed suicide of Mrs. H. Percy, a professional singer, who is believed to have drowned herself rather than submit to the conditions of the Contagious Diseases Act, as required by the police, who suspected her of immoral intercourse with the soldiers of the garrison. It appears that since the death of her husband, some ten months ago, Mrs. Percy has been engaged at the Red, White and Blue Music Hall, which forms part of the Alliance Institute in the main thoroughfare of the town. In the course of her performances here she received an intimation from the authorities of the metropolitan police, who are charged with the administration of the Act, that she had brought herself within the scope of that law, and would be required to attend the police-station and be duly registered, or to appear before a magistrate and disprove the evidence that would be brought against her. She chose rather to leave the town, and accordingly went off with her daughter to reside with friends at Windsor. About a fortnight ago the agent for the music hall at the Queen's Tasp, on the outskirts of the camp, engaged Mrs. Percy to appear there. In the course of this engagement Inspector Godfrey, whose duty it is to carry out the provisions of the law, warned the proprietor of the music hall that Mrs. Percy had been required to submit to the act and had failed to comply. Fearing probably that his license might be withdrawn, the proprietor dismissed the unfortunate woman at once. She had relatives in Aldershot, with whom she stayed for a day or two, and on a recent Saturday night she was accidentally met in the street by Solly Lewis, who played in the last Crystal Palace pantomime, and who has known Mrs. Percy for some years, and has acted with her. She informed Mr. Lewis and his wife, who was with him, that she had come back to clear her good name. There can be little doubt that at this time she was somewhat inebriated. About eleven o'clock she parted with a young soldier with whom she had been walking on the hills. Next afternoon her lifeless body was found in the canal. An inquest was held on Tuesday evening, when it transpired that the deceased had been living with a professional singer named Ritson as his wife. Superintendent Stephenson denied most emphatically that he had ever threatened to oppose the license the hall where deceased was engaged. The jury returned a verdict "That the deceased was found dead in Basingstoke Canal, but there was no evidence to show by what means she had got into the water."

PAULINE LUCCA'S TRIBULATIONS.—Attributing all her troubles to the errors and neglect of her attorneys, Messrs. Newcomb & Leavendritt, Pauline Lucca, the prima donna, recently instituted suit against them in this city for the recovery of $3,500 paid to them as fees, and $6,000 damages and expenses to which she had been subjected by their acts. This case came to trial yesterday, before Judge Donohue and a jury, in Supreme Court, Circuit. After the evidence of plaintiff, which related substantially to the foregoing facts, had been submitted to the Court, counsel for defendants moved to dismiss the complaint on the ground that it appeared they had contracted to obtain for plaintiff a decree of divorce; that, so far as any decision of the Court existed to the contrary, such decree had been obtained, and there had not, therefore, been any violation of the contract on their part. Judge Donohue granted the motion. The contract, he said, had been technically performed, although defendants neglected some things which they ought to have done. When the case came up in General Term they wanted to put his foot on it right there, but could not induce his associates to reverse the order permitting the decree to stand. Nothing is more disgraceful than the use made of the laws to avoid the marriage contract. The plaintiff had married in Germany, and then made the acquaintance of another man, and had come to this country with the intention to procure a divorce not procurable in her own country. The whole case showed plaintiff's efforts to have been to get a divorce from Von Rhadde, and that she had no right to get it, and the defendants cannot be held liable for any loss that ensued. The fault was hers in trying to get a divorce to which she was not entitled. The divorce laws of Indiana had become a by-word everywhere; but, so far as in him (Judge Donohue) lay, he would see that the laws of New York fell into no such disrepute.—*N. Y. Times*, April 16.

KISSING AND CHASTITY.—Jane G. Swisshelm writes as follows to *The Chicago* (Ill.) *Tribune*: "We can all see the impropriety of verbal declarations of passion in such cases, and how much more unsafe any act bearing such interpretation. Wherever men and women meet in friendly or business relations, one or both must be constantly mindful of the difference and dangers of the sex—must guard look, word, and actions, and in no moment of overwrought sympathy can the stern barriers of decorum be safely broken down. Before kissing Mr. Beecher Mrs. Moulton should have waited until he had taken that powder, and it had done its work, and the undertaker had the body ready for burial. Only in his coffin is it safe for even a section of the day of judgment in the shape of a woman to kiss any one man in a thousand. There seems to be no room for doubt that she is or was a perfectly upright woman; but her childish act shows the atmosphere in which these men have been living—shows the unconscious steps by which they passed from virtue to vice—and ought to awaken all lovers of Virtue to a more careful guard of her outside defenses. Chastity is not the natural condition of the race, but the very opposite, and it can only be secured by ages of culture and constant vigilance. It is a something to be acquired and maintained through grace and watchfulness, and those who open doors through which the enemy enters and causes the fall of others are responsible for their negligence and mistaken confidence."

A SUIT FOR DAMAGES.—*The Vox Populi* reports a case recently tried in Lowell, Mass., the parties to which are both young people of good standing heretofore in the community. The complainant is reported to be refined in manners and possessed of a good education. The defendant was a young lawyer, a native of Lowell, but practicing chiefly in Boston; a graduate of Harvard law school, influentially connected, and with a bright prospect for the future. Some months ago he led to the altar a most estimable young lady of Lawrence. The prosecutrix alleged that some years ago she boarded with the parents of the defendant; that while there the latter, with promises of marriage, beguiled her into forbidden ways; that an illegitimate child was the eventful result; and she sued for damages in consequence of a total breach of faith on the part of her lover. The verdict awarded the young mother $1,000 damages, and the father was ordered to maintain his offspring till it attained its majority. Being unable to meet this demand, the young lawyer has been incarcerated in the Lowell jail. His youthful wife still proves faithful to him, and her daily visits are said to be truly affecting.

THE RECENT SCANDAL case in Newport, R. I., where a prominent merchant attempted improper liberties with a young girl on Broad street, has been settled. The father indignantly refused proffers of money, but insisted on and received an acknowledgment and an apology from the guilty man.

THE TURF.

LOUISIANA JOCKEY CLUB SPRING MEETING.

The racing at New Orleans was resumed on Tuesday, April 13, being the second day of the meeting. The weather was fine, the track in excellent condition, and the attendance large. The first race was a dash of three-quarters of a mile, for a purse of $300, of which $50 went to the second horse and $25 to the third, the winner taking the balance. No less than twelve horses started, viz., F. O. Miner's b. f. Winifred, 3yrs.; A. M. Burton's br. c. Highwayman, 3yrs.; W. Cottrill's c. c. Harry Felter, 4yrs.; J. W. Weldon's b. m. Little Flirt, aged; C. T. Howard's b. c. Shillelah, 4yrs.; R. J. Alcorn's c. h. Bob Britton, 5yrs.; L. A. Hitchcock's c. c. Century, 4yrs.; G. Rice's c. c. Vortex, 4yrs.; M. Welch's c. f. Carrie P., 4yrs.; W. Cottrill's c. f. Puss Broadnax, 3yrs.; J. H. Stone's b. f., 3yrs.; and owner's American Girl. The large field caused considerable excitement among the assembled turfmen, and betting was brisk and heavy. Capt. Cottrill's entry (Harry Felter and Puss Broadnax) had the call, with Winifred next in demand. Winifred won the race cleverly in 1:18, after a fine contest with Highwayman and Harry Felter, who finished second and third. The rest unplaced.

The Louisiana Stakes for four-year-olds, $25 each, p. p., with $1,000 added, of which the second horse received $200 and the third $100, two-mile heats, was the next race. Of the 21 horses entered, three came to the post: W. Cottrill's c. f. Bonaventure, 101lb; W. M. Conner's c. f. Stampede, 104lb; and J. H. Stone's b. c. Col. Nelligan, 104lb. Bonaventure was the favorite, and she won easily in two straight heats, Stampede second, and Col. Nelligan distanced in the first heat. Time, 3:43, 3:46¼. Value of the stake, $1,225. The third and last race of the day was for a purse of $400 for all ages, to carry 100lb each; $300 to the first, $75 to the second, and $25 to the third horse; dash of one mile. Seven horses entered and started, viz., T. G. Bacon & Co.'s br. h. Granger, aged; A. M. Barton's b. h. Survivor, 5yrs.; F. O. Minor's b. f. Sweet Bay, 4yrs.; M. Welch's c. m. Mary S., aged; R. J. Alcorn's c. h. Bob Britton, 5yrs.; and J. W. Weldon & Son's br. g. Mildew, 5yrs.; and E. Warwick's b. h. Tom Leathers, aged. Survivor had the call over Granger in the betting, but the latter won a slashing fast-run race by a neck in 1:45½; Survivor second and Sweet Bay third.

On Wednesday, April 14, the weather continued beautiful; the track was in excellent order, and the attendance very large and fashionable. The opening race was for a purse of $400 for all ages, dash of one mile; the winner taking $300, and second and third horses $75 and $25 respectively. Seven horses came to the post. A. M. Burton's b. h. Survivor; F. O. Minor's b. f. Sweet Bay; W. Cottrill's c. f. Leap Year, 3yrs.; W. Welch's b. g. Port Leonard, 6yrs.; C. T. Howard's imp. c. c. King Amadeus, 4yrs.; J. H. Stone's c. f. Pauline Sprague, 3yrs., and E. Barton & Wilson's b. c. Denver, 3yrs. Survivor was the favorite, selling for $120; Leap Year, $100; Port Leonard, $40; Denver, $40; King Amadeus, $32; Pauline Sprague, $28; and Sweet Bay, $20. Just before the start, Leap Year became first choice. Survivor won handily by a length and a half from Sweet Bay; Leap Year third; time, 1:59.

The second race was a dash of three miles for a purse of $650 for all ages; $500 to the first, $100 to the second, and $50 to the third horse. Five horses entered and started: L. A. Hitchcock's c. h. Galway, 5yrs., 110lb; F. O. Minor's b. h. Rumsey, 6yrs., 110lb; T. G. Bacon & Co.'s c. h. Granger, aged, 115lb; M. Welch's b. g. Captain Hutchinson, 6yrs., 112lb; and A. M. Burton's b. c. Crown Prince, 4yrs., 104lb: Galway sold in pools for $380; Capt. Hutchinson, $200; Granger, $220; Crown Prince, $180; and Falmouth, $70. Galway won very easily in 5:40, Falmouth finishing second and Granger third.

The third and last race was for a purse of $500 for all ages, mile heats, the second receiving $100 out of the purse. There were only two contestants: W. Cottrill's c. c. Harry Felter, 4yrs., 104lb; M. Welch's c. m. Mary L., aged, 112lb. Harry Felter was the favorite at $100 to $30, and he won very easily in two straight heats; time, 1:48, 1:49.

Continued fine weather, capital sport, and large attendance were the features of the fourth day's racing. A mile-and-a-quarter dash for a purse of $400, selling allowances, with second and third money, commenced the sport. Nine horses entered and started: L. A. Hitchcock's c. c. Century, by Censor out of Intrigue, M. Welch's c. m. Mary L., E. Warwick's b. h. Tom Leathers, J. W. Weldon & Son's b. g. Mildew, J. H. Stone's b. f., 3yrs.; R. J. Alcorn's c. h. Bob Britton, M. Welch's b. m. Chris Doyle, aged; owner's b. h. Captain Reeder, aged; and C. T. Howard's c. c. King Amadeus. Welch's pair, Mary L. and Chris. Doyle, sold for $130, Mildew $120, King Amadeus $90, Tom Leathers $70, Century $48, Bob Britton $44, Stone's filly $30, and Captain Reeder $10. Before the race Mildew became the favorite, and he took the lead at the start, and held it until well into the homestretch, when Century took up the running, and won the race easily by two lengths in 2:12, Mary L. finishing second and Tom Leathers third.

A mile-and-half dash for a purse of $500 was the next race, and for it Survivor, Limestone, Denver, and King Amadeus entered, but the last-named was drawn. Survivor was the favorite over the field, and he won easily by a length from Limestone in 2:44.

The third race was one of mile heats, best three in five, for a purse of $650, out of which the second horse received $100. The entries were Harry Felter, Sweet Bay, Port Leonard, Denver, and Crown Prince, but the latter was ruled out for being in the forfeit list at Baltimore. Harry Felter sold the favorite, bringing $700, Crown Prince $250, Sweet Bay $200, Port Leonard $75, and Denver $51. It was the best race of the meeting, and produced heavy betting. Harry Felter won the first heat in 1:47¼, with Sweet Bay and Port Leonard second and third. Sweet Bay won the second and third heats in 1:46¾, 1:49, and then became so hot a favorite that $50 to $5 was currently offered and taken. Denver had been drawn after the first heat, and Port Leonard, being ruled out for not winning a heat in three, only Felter and Sweet Bay were left. Harry Felter won the fourth heat in 1:48, and the Mobile division had long odds on his winning the race. This he did easily by winning the fifth heat in 1:48¼.

The first race on the fifth day, Friday, April 16, was a handicap hurdle race for a purse of $500, of which the winner received $350; second horse $100, and third horse $50; two miles, over eight hurdles. Six horses entered and started, handicapped as follows: E. Warwick's b. h. Tom Leathers, aged 117lb; L. A. Hitchcock's c. h. Limestone, 5yrs., 150lb; H. Van Lien's c. h. Bob Britton, 5yrs., 134lb; R. J. Alcorn's b. g. Captain Jack, 5yrs., 115lb; C. T. Howard's b. c. Shillelah, 4yrs., 125lb; and Dr. Weldon's b. m. Little Flirt, aged, 110lb. Limestone was made a hot favorite in the pools, selling for $420, Shillelah $75, Bob Britton $55, Capt. Jack $45, Tom Leathers $35, and Little Flirt, $30. To the consternation of Limestone's backers he was beaten a length by Tom Leathers—to whom, however, he was giving 33lb and two years—with Bob Britton third. Shillelah fell at the fifth hurdle, breaking his rider's arm. Little Flirt also fell at the fourth hurdle, but did no damage to herself or rider. The time, 3:47½, is the fastest on record for a hurdle race of this kind, beating Jonesboro's record of two miles over the Metairie Course in 1868 of 3:51½, with 132lb up, which has hitherto been the fastest recorded. Milesian's time of 3:52½, made at Long Branch in 1872, is the fastest on record with full weights.

The second race was mile heats, for a purse of $500, of which the second horse received $100; free handicap. Three horses started: M. Welsh's c. m. Mary L., aged, 106lb; J. W. Weldon & Son's br. g. Mildew, 5yrs., 98lb, and G. H. Rice's c. c. Vortex, 4yrs., 94lb. Mildew had slightly the call over Vortex; the former bringing $220, Vortex $200 and Mary L. $165. The latter won the first heat in 1:47½; and the second heat and the race in 1:47½. Mildew being second. This was another heavy blow to the backers of favorites, and the next race was still more disastrous. It was a dash of one mile and three-quarters for a purse of $500, for which four horses started: M. Welsh's b. g. Captain Hutchinson, aged, 112lb; T. G. Bacon & Co.'s br. h. Granger, aged, 115lb; W. Cottrell's c. f. Bonaventure, 4yrs., 101lb; and W. M. Conner's c. c. Stampede, 4yrs, 104lb. Bonaventure sold for $325, Granger $60, Stampede $40, and Captain Hutchinson $30. Bonaventure and Granger were neck and neck until entering the homestretch, when Granger went to the front, but was passed by Captain Hutchinson, who beat him home by half a length. Time 3:10¾.

CHALLENGE TO OCCIDENT.—O. H. Hickok of San Francisco, the trainer of Judge Fullerton, issues a challenge, in which he states that he has made several propositions to the parties controlling Occident to trot Judge Fullerton against him two races in San Francisco, mile heats, best three in five, in wagon, and mile heats, three in five, in harness, for $5,000 or $10,000 a side each race, but failed to get on a match, as the other parties claim they have engagements East, and could not remain to trot. He therefore offers them two races at Chicago over Dexter Park, or in New York, over either Prospect or Fleetwood Park, mile heats, three in five, in harness and to wagon, for $5,000 or $10,000 each race, half forfeit on each race, good day and track, between June 1 and 15. Doble will probably accept the challenge, although he says it will interfere with Occident's engagements in the East, which are made up to July 1, Budd and William Doble left San Francisco for the East on Thursday, April 8, in the palace car with Occident and St. James, and arrived in Philadelphia on Saturday last. Occident's first race in the Eastern States will be at Point Breeze Park against the bay mare Nettie, who has a record of 2:18.

THE NEWMARKET HANDICAP—25 sovs. each, 15 forfeit, with 400 sovs. added, for three-year olds and upward—was run at the Newmarket (Eng.) Craven meeting, April 14. It was won by W. S. Mitchell-Innes' c. c. St. Leger, 3yrs., by Trumpeter, dam Marigold; Lord Falmouth's b. c. Peeping Tom, 4yrs., second, and T. V. Morgan's b. h. Lord Gowran, 5yrs., third. Ten started, of whom Peeping Tom was the favorite at 4 to 1, the winner's price being 9 to 2, and Lord Gowran's 10 to 1. Distance, 1¼ miles.

TROT AT POINT BREEZE.—On April 15 a number of turfites repaired to this Philadelphia track, to witness a trotting match between J. E. Turner's b. m. Mattie Lyle and Royal Stetson's b. m. Susie Kurtz. It was won in three straight heats by the former, whose time was 2:40¼, 2:39, 2:42¾. Arrangements have been made with the Pennsylvania Railroad by which horses and their traps shipped to Point Breeze can be delivered on the fifty feet of the track, where the teams of the Association will meet them.

DEATH OF COUNT LA GRANGE.—Count Frederic de La Grange, the celebrated French turfman, died on March 31 at Auch, in the 38th year of his age. He was for over a quarter of a century one of the most prominent owners and breeders of thoroughbred stock in France. His colors first became formidable on the English turf in 1864, when he won the Oaks, Newmarket Derby, and many other races, with Fille d'Air, a daughter of Faugh-a-Ballagh and Pauline. The year afterwards, 1864, he made a clean sweep of all the great three-year-old races on the English turf with the world-famous Gladiateur, by Monarque out of Miss Gladiator, with whom he won the 2,000 guineas stake at Newmarket, the Epsom Derby, and the Doncaster St. Leger, being at that time the only horse—with the single exception of West Australian—who had achieved the triple triumph in those events. He also won with this horse the Ascot Cup, the Grand Prix of Paris, the Benitnick Memorial and Drawing-room Stakes at Goodwood, the Doncaster Stakes and Newmarket Derby. On the breaking-out of the German and French war he removed his extensive stable of horses to Newmarket, and sold them to Mr. Lefevre, in whose colors they subsequently ran. Last year Count de la Grange again assumed the proprietorship and management of the stable, but his colors were not often seen in front during the past season. Tom Jennings trained and Harry Grimshaw rode for him when the fortunes of his stable were in the ascendant.

EXPORTATION OF HORSES.—The prohibition of the transportation of horses from Germany to any place whatever is officially confirmed by the passing of a secret ordinance by the Emperor's council to this effect. The Government in making extensive arrangements for speedily strengthening the entire cavalry of the German army, hence the prohibition against exportation. As two-thirds of the draught horses in use in England are derived from Germany, the effect of this ordinance is there severely felt, and the English journals now declare that in future Russia and the United States will be the countries from which the supply of draught horses must be derived.

A COUPLE living in New Durham, N. H., were divorced at the late February Circuit Court held at Dover, and were remarried on the 29th ult.

BASEBALL.

MUTUAL vs. FIELD.

On April 15 the Mutuals were to have played the Chelsea amateurs on the Capitoline Grounds; but, inasmuch as the ground was covered with snow on the morning of the 14th, the Chelseas did not suppose it possible that the field would be fit to play on the next day, and so they did not make arrangements to have their full nine out. On Thursday, however, the sun shone out, the snow disappeared, and at 3 P. M. the field was dry and green, and the Mutuals were on hand, dressed in uniform, ready for the game. The regular Chelsea nine not being forthcoming, three or four of them present selected a field-team, and at 3.20 play was commenced, the field side including Roche, Devyr, and Hartman of the Chelseas; Clack, Kessler and Cassidy of the Atlantics; Hibben of the Nassaus; and Jackson of the New Havens.

In the first four innings the Mutuals disposed of their opponents in good style for blanks, only two base-hits being made, Kessler batting fair fouls with good effect. The Mutual ran up a score of 15, of which but one run was earned. In the fifth inning the Field hit Mathews for four base-hits, earning four runs and scoring four through loose fielding. In the last four innings the Field added four more runs to their score on as many base-hits, not one being earned, the Mutuals adding eight to their score, none of which were earned. Gerhardt did some effective batting, and fielded finely in his position. He picks up well, judges high balls correctly, throws swiftly and accurately, and knows what to do with the ball. Some good catching was done on both sides. Kessler did the best batting on the Field side. Clark's base-play was noteworthy. The full score will be found below.

Field.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	Mutual.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Roche, c.....	5	1	0	2	0	1	Hicks, c.....	7	3	3	9	2	3
Devyr, 3d b..	5	1	3	0	1	6	Nelson, 2d b.	7	2	4	3	2	1
Hibben, 1 f..	5	1	0	1	1	1	Start, 1st b..	7	2	1	5	2	1
Hartman, c f.	5	0	2	2	1	4	Gedney, l f..	7	3	0	3	0	0
Clinton, s s..	5	1	1	3	1	2	Gerhardt, 3b.	6	3	2	3	1	0
Clack, 1st b..	4	1	2	14	0	0	McGee, c f..	6	3	2	0	0	0
Kessler, 2d b.	4	1	3	3	4	4	Booth, r f..	6	3	2	0	0	0
Jackson, r f..	4	0	1	1	0	2	Mathews, p..	6	2	1	1	4	0
Cassidy, p....	4	2	3	1	6	1	Holdsw'h, s s	6	3	1	1	1	1
Totals...41	8	14	27	14	21		Totals...58	23	16	27	12	6	
Field.....	0	0	0	0	4	0	1	1	2—8				
Mutual.....	5	3	0	0	6	1	3	0	2—23				

Runs earned—Field, 1; Mutual, 3. First-base by errors—Field, 0; Mutual, 12. Umpire, Mr. Chadwick. Time of game, 1h. 50m.

BOSTON vs. BEACON.

The Bostons played their first match game for 1875 on Saturday, April 10, against the Beacon Club, at Boston, Mass.; and, as the day was quite mild, a goodly number of spectators assembled. The ground was in very much better condition than on Fast Day; and as the amateurs batted Harry Wright's pitching with effect, the game was decidedly interesting toward the close, Harry sending Spaulding and White in on the ninth inning. The Beacons played without their second-baseman, Hodges, and first-baseman, Elliott; and though Moore played second finely, Barnes, an old Harvard player, was decidedly rusty on first, making a number of costly errors. Lamb and Crane made several brilliant plays in the field. The Beals, except Spaulding and O'Rourke, failed to bat Beals' medium-paced delivery, they making but four base-hits in the last eight innings, though they earned the two runs scored in the first inning. G. Wright, Beals, O'Rourke, and Latham did good service in the field. The crowd, which had heard much of Beacon's quick base-running, were very desirous to witness it, and in the eighth inning they were gratified by seeing him run in from second base on a sharp hit which went through Schafer's directly into Leonard's hands, Berthrong beating the ball down the homestretch. The score was as follows:

Boston.	R.	T.	B.	P.	A.	E.	Beacon.	T.	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
G. Wright, s s	5	3	1	0	8	1	Lamb, r f..	6	1	2	3	0	1
Beals, 2d b..	5	2	1	2	1	0	Briggs, l f....	6	0	0	3	0	3
Spalding, r f	5	1	3	0	1	0	Crane, s s....	5	0	1	0	4	0
White, c f...	5	2	0	1	1	0	Lloyd, 3d b..	4	0	1	3	1	2
O'Rourke, c.	5	2	3	5	0	4	Berthrong, c f	4	1	0	0	0	1
Leonard, l f.	5	0	0	3	0	1	Moore, 2d b..	4	1	1	2	5	2
Latham, 1b..	5	0	0	14	0	1	Cutting, c....	4	0	3	3	0	2
H. Wright, p.	5	0	0	0	5	0	Beals, p....	4	0	3	0	6	3
Schafer, 3d b.	4	0	0	2	1	3	Barnes, 1st b.	5	0	0	13	0	5
Totals...44	10	8	27	18	10		Totals...42	6	11	27	16	23	
Boston.....	2	0	4	1	0	0	2	1	0—10				
Beacon.....	1	0	0	0	1	0	3	1	0—6				

Runs earned—Boston, 2; Beacon, 1. Total base-hits—Boston, 9; Beacon, 13. Bases on errors—Boston, 10; Beacon, 5. Umpire, John Manning. Boston Club. Time, 1h. 31m.

LIVE OAK vs. CHELSEA.

These well-known amateur teams commenced operations for the season at Lynn, Mass., April 10, the contest resulting as under:

Live Oak.	R.	P. O.	A.	E.	Chelsea.	R.	P. O.	A.	E.
Hawkes, s s....	1	1	2	1	Piggott, 3d b....	2	3	3	0
Whitney, l f...	3	2	0	2	Davis, c f.....	1	0	0	0
Madden, 3d b..	2	2	2	3	Mutrie, s s.....	1	1	6	1
Niven, 1st b...	3	10	1	0	Foye, 1 f.....	1	2	1	3
S. Record, r f..	1	1	0	2	Libby, 1st b.....	2	13	0	2
McGlynn, c....	2	9	1	4	Eagan, p.....	1	1	2	1
White, p.....	0	0	4	3	Southwick, 2d b...	1	5	3	1
W. Record, c f....	1	1	0	0	Ricker, r f.....	1	0	0	0
Cashman, 2d b....	0	2	2	1	Crane, c.....	1	3	2	0
Totals.....	15	27	9	22	Totals.....	11	27	19	11
Live Oak.....	2	0	0	2	3	4	0	2	2—15
Chelsea.....	1	3	2	0	0	5	0	0	0—11

Flies caught—Live Oak, 7; Chelsea, 5. First-base on called balls—Chelsea, 1. Passed balls—Live Oak, 4; Chelsea, 2. Time, 2h. 5m. Umpire, W. L. Estes.

REINDEER vs. NAMELESS.

The Reindeer Club of this city played their first match for the season April 10, and defeated the Nameless by the score given underneath:

Reindeer.	R.	Nameless.	R.
J. O. Connell, 3d b.....	4	Forster, s s.....	1
G. Valentine, l f.....	1	Wolfin, 3d b.....	0
L. Noulett, s s.....	2	Muldoon, c.....	0
J. McGrath, r f.....	2	Wolfkin, p.....	0
J. Shevlin, 2d b.....	2	Frost, 1st b.....	0
N. O. Connell, p.....	2	Kelly, 2d b.....	0
McBride, 1st b.....	1	Higler, r f.....	0
E. Jacoby, c.....	2	Clifford, l f.....	0
Total.....	16	Total.....	1
Reindeer.....	3	2	6	1	3	1	0—16
Nameless.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

Umpire—Frank Nouleit. Time, 1h. 30m.

THE HARTFORD CLUB.—A correspondent writes as follows concerning this formidable team, who are to battle for the honor and glory of the Nutmeg State capital during the season just opening: "Hartford is all alive with baseball this season. Everyone you meet is talking about 'our new nine' and its prospects. The boys under 'Fergy' have been practicing morning and afternoon, weather permitting, and are watched by a large number of admirers. On Saturday, April 10, during their afternoon practice, about 1,000 persons were in attendance. It was considerably plated to play this last week against a picked nine, but the 'beautiful snow' prevented. By next week the grounds will be in a condition for play, and in the meantime the boys practice in a large room in Wood's building. President Bulkeley has furnished a suit of rooms on Main street for the club; a billiard table stands in a rear room, and the leading sporting papers are kept on file. It will be used to entertain visiting clubs, and the boys are loud in their praise of their worthy president. The work on the pavilion has commenced, and it is to be completed by the last week in next (this) month. When ready, we think our grounds will be second to none in the country. The seating capacity will be nearly 3,000. About three hundred season tickets have been sold, at $15 each, and a full attendance can be relied upon at our games. New Britain, Middletown, Meriden, and the country towns always send a large delegation, and we are confident that all visiting clubs will be amply repaid for visiting our city. The new man Harbridge is all that was claimed, and, we think, a little better. York and Remsen are fielding finely, while Burdock and Fergy were never in better play; in short, the boys are all there. The first game will probably take place about the 24th inst., with the Atlantics as our opponents. We will play the New Havens on their grounds shortly afterwards; the return game to be played here on election day."

THE STATE CONVENTION.—Amateur clubs of the northern section of New Jersey was held April 15 at Turner Hall, Jersey City. The following clubs were represented: Union of Newark, by Messrs. Pierson and Ward; Trenton Club of Trenton, by Messrs. Ellis and Fitzgerald; Star of Newark by Messrs. Wallace and Stahl; Summit of Jersey City, by Charles Schropp; Mutuals of Jersey City, by J. Shea Jr.; Pavonia of Jersey City, by Messrs. Eabry and Dickinson; New Brunswick of New Brunswick, by P. T. Petty; Randolph of Dover, by Cain and West; Alford of Newark, by Chandler and Pearson. The following gentlemen were elected for the ensuing year: Edward C. Ross, New Brunswick, president; J. Shea, Jersey City, vice-president; D. Chandler, Newark, secretary; George E. Eabry, Jersey City, treasurer; David Pierson, Newark, judge advocate. The Amateur rules were adopted. Fifty-two delegates answered to their names. The next convention will be held at New Brunswick.

A DISASTROUS GAME of ball was that played at Savannah, Ga., April 13, between the Georgia and Dixie Clubs, W. E. McCollum of the latter nine having a leg badly fractured by M. J. Barrett jumping upon him in running to third, and Capt. Bailey, catcher for the Dixies, having his nose broken by a foul-tipped ball. These unfortunate accidents obliged the Dixies to discontinue playing.

THE TRIGGER.

PIGEON-SHOOTING MATCHES.

Two matches on Monday, April 12, attracted a large attendance to the grounds of the Long Island Gun Club, near East New York. The first was between two Brooklyn amateurs, Dr. Cowynne and Mr. P. Duffy, for $50 a side, each agreeing to shoot at 25 single birds, with 1¼ ounces of shot, 80 yards boundary, to find, trap and handle for each other, and to be governed by the Long Island Gun Club rules of pigeon-shooting; Duffy standing at 21 yards rise from the trap, and Dr. Gwynne at 24½ yards. The latter shot in fine style throughout the match, killing 12 out of 18 birds shot at, while his opponent retired after shooting at 19 birds, of which he killed only 5. Mr. Birdseye acted as referee.

The second match was between the well-known Brooklyn amateur Mr. Humphrey Hartshorn, and Mr. Thomas Broadway, a New York amateur, and was for $200; shooting at 25 single birds, at 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, with 1¼ ounces of shot; to find, trap and handle for each other, and the Long Island Gun Club rules to govern. Mr. Hartshorn was never able to get on even terms from the commencement to the finish of the match. Mr. Broadway missed his second, sixth, seven, eighth, eleventh, sixteenth, twentieth and twenty-first birds, bringing down the remainder of the twenty-three birds shot at. We give the scores:

Broadway.....	10111 00011 01111 10111 001—15
Hartshorn.....	00111 00100 11011 10100 101—12

THE AMERICAN RIFLE TEAM.—In the British House of Commons, on April 13, Mr. Sullivan, member for Louth, wanted to know whether the law in regard to the bearing of arms in Ireland would in any way interfere with the American riflemen who are coming to Ireland to take part in the international rifle match. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chief Secretary for Ireland, replied that all classes would heartily welcome the American team this Summer. The gentlemen from the United States who were to take part in the competition were

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, April 19.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen, Augustus, Emma (songs and dances)
Arnott, Louise (actress)
Armstrong, Georgie (gymnast)
Bailey, Ella (of Goldman's Co.)
Bechel, Louise (2)
Brooks, Miss (of Seidene's Co.)
Buck, Dora
Bender, Mrs. Anna
Baker, Mrs. Sarah A.
Blade, Edith
Cressy, Mrs. Julia S.
Buchman, Char lotte
Cerino, Mlle.
Chandos, Miss B.
Collins, Mrs. K (of Wildman's Co.)
Coleman, Marie
De Forest, Zoe
De Mar, Mollie (of Canean Co.)
Dare, Leona
Dearden, Fannie
Darling, Bessie
Davenport, Minnie
Delmar, Lulu Sz.
Dobson, Annie
Eldridge, Lillie
Evans, Mrs. M. F.
Edrian, Mrs. Louis
Foy, Ida
Fox, Ida C. (variety)
Golden's Dram. Co., Bella
Gourley, Mrs. W. 3c.
Grinnell, Addie
Henri, Flora (of Henri Family)
Howard, May (of Seidene's Co.)
Howe, Lilly
Hasting, Hattie
Irving, Louie
Jester, Mrs. Bessie Webb
Jonanschek, Mad.
Kellogg, Miss N. (of Denin's Co.)
Kurtzwell, Johanna
Lingard, Alice Dunning
Le Brun, Marie
Louis, Mlle. (gymnast)
Lynn, Augusta
Lamont, Ida J. (2)
Lenton, Mrs. H.
Leland, Emma
Lucille, Fannie
Wilson, Julia (2)
Meloni, Mrs. Josephine 23c.
Morrissey, Mrs. T. (cornet)
Melville, Ollie
Mass, Mrs. Jas.
Manton, Jennie (comedienne)
Mack, Mrs. Ida
Norwood, Marion L. 3c.
Orcutt, Mrs. Maggie
Philomena, Senorita
Perry, Miss L. (of De Burg's Co.)
Rand, Rosa
Richmond, Ada
Riddell, Mrs. Weldon
Smith, Mrs. W. L.
Soyer, Idella L. (2)
Schoel, Angelique
Smith, Lizzie (of Smith's Bell-R.)
Scofield, Imogene
Sanford, Kattie
Smith, Helene
Swinburne, Miss
Tracy, Hellie
Vernon, Kate
Wheen, Miss E.
Wilkerson, Sadie R. W.
Wood, Aggie (comedienne)
Williams, Gussie (4)
Wilson, Julia (2)
Weston Sisters
Walton, Emma
Warner, Flora (3) 3c.
Whittle, Emma
Zeon-ti, Zoe 10c.
Zoula, Millie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Almonte, "Ted"
Andrews, Prof. (ballet master)
Almonte, Jas. A.
Ames, A. (of Stoddart's Co.)
Ainsworth, Frank E. (2)
Amos, Emile
Allen, Jno. (minst. "Sir")
Allen, Billy
Ashcroft, Billy
Barclay, F. (equestrian)
Blakeney, J. H.
Barnhoil, J. (circus "Sir")
Baggley, Cool
Brown, Ben
Bryant & Williams
Bryant, H. (of Barnum's Aggre.)
Bruno, A. (of Bruno & Johnson)
Bindley, Prof.
Bisbee, Frank
Bandoir, J. C.
Burley, Harry (2)
Boles, Sig. E. (of Saratoga Co.)
Buckley, Tom
Buckley's Hippo.
Beverley, C. Stuart
Burke, Tom (of Bailey's Cir.)
Baker, P. F.
Boucicault, Dion 10c.
Boone, E. D. (3)
Bidwell, D. (manager)
Baker, Dirk (late with Barnum)
Blossom Bros.
Brenin, R. A.
Booth, Junius B.
Bixler, Harry (minstrel)
Brown, E. G.
Bishop, Robt.
Bledgett, Josh
Barrett, Lawrence
Burton, W. C. (drill-master)
Berger, Fred G.
Barbour, Wm. W.
Cody, W. F. "Buffalo Bill")
Castle, Fredc (circus "biz")
Chase, W. (of Putnam Co.)
Chase, Billy
Chippendale, F.
Collins, Jno.
Chappelle, W. J.
Chase, Gus
Casselli, Ferdinand
Clifton, F. R. (of Queen's Cir.)
Cameron, C. (of Howe's Cir.)
Colby, G. W.
Cooper, H. (of Warner's Cir.)
Cartright, W. (minst. "biz")
Clark, Prof. Jas. G.
Cross, John Jas.
Charles, Geo. W.
Clark, Jas. H. (cantz "biz")
Cook, E. (of Magnet's Co.)
Clarke, H. G. (of "Uncle Tom")
Capoul, Victor
Collins, Lew & Frank
Dale, Wm. (circus w'rp.)
Clifton, E. (gymnast)
Cooke, J. (of Mel.)
Cook & Co's Cir.)
De Vivo, Mr. (of De Murik Co.)
Dunkinfield, W. E.
Doxarth, Prof. J. W.
De Veau, W. F.
De Leon, Leon 10c.
Dember, C. (Milan. Minst.)
Delaney, W. (musician)
Dwyer & Benedict's Minst.
Dean, Tony
Dibolo, Mons. (fire king) (2)
Dingess, Jno. A.
Dugan, C. (of Barnum's Cir.)
Dumont, Frank
Morgan & Bernard
Dalton, Harry
Dunbar, Geo.
Denby, C. D.
Dorr, Arthur
Dodge, Ben
Dumez, Chas. H.
Dalton, Harry
Dunbar, E. C.
Dory, Arthur
Dodge, Ben
De Haven & Randle
Douglas, Henry
Dearborn, C. (of Cincinnati, Jas. 3c.
Dunbar, Ed. Chas.
Devere, Thos.
Engle, W. (acrobat)
Emmet, J. ("Little Buckshot")
Edwards, Frank (2)
Elliott, F. S.
Eckert, J. (of Mir. of Kerr.)
Everton, J. W.
Frederick, L. (of Sarakosch Co.)
Fechter, Chas.
Fox, C. H.
Florence, W. J.
Filkins, R. (of Oswald, Perley & Shiele, Chas. (manager)

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, April 19, '75.

Just to think of it, the 19th of April, and snow-storms and frosty weather hanging on like a hungry leech. Let it be recorded, that snow descended upon the metropolis yesterday, and the air was raw and cold and disagreeable generally. Parties who forestalled the Spring season by throwing off their heavy overcoats and donning thin clothing have gone under in consequence, and are now suffering from their imprudence. In nearly every issue of THE CLIPPER we publish a fresh ode to Spring, and the very day it appears the streets are covered with snow and the people go shivering along the streets, and Reap imprecations upon the beautiful snow and its attendant discomforts. Wretched and demoralizing was the weather during the past week, and deplorable was its effect upon places of amusement and trade generally. Projected swimming parties at Coney Island had to be abandoned, and a foot-ball at home was substituted. And, speaking of that, can it be possible the once popular refrain in "Oliver Twist" Cease to Love," ended "May I Never go Swimmin' with Strong-minded Women," was written by Theodore after one of his Coney-Island excursions with Victoria? We hope not.....They are having a grand celebration to-day in Massachusetts. Men who "fit into the Revolution" and drew first-blood at Lexington one hundred years ago are having their praises sung and their heroic deeds otherwise commemorated by the descendants of their forefathers who so "fit" to Gen. Grant, who "fit" into a later revolution, is there. The gun that was heard throughout the world one hundred years ago has been burnished up for the centennial of the Battle of Lexington, and "the Sword of Bunker Hill" is also there. But where are the heroes who drew trigger and wielded blade on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion? They sleep with their fathers, but "their works do live after them." "Three cheers!.....Bouciault's "latest success" has been followed by his latest failure, a reconstructed version of "The Marble Heart," entitled "Rafael"—with an "a"—in which Mr. Montague and Miss Dyas, in addition to the play, have fallen flat, and the Boucicault edition of "The Marble Heart" dropped stone dead, and started "the best comedy theatre of America" on "The Road to Ruin." As we are now all engaged in the commemoration of great and important events in the history of our country, we may be permitted to materialize, in verse, one of

THE LAST OF THE MONTAGUES'S WORKS.

We're not barbarians, Montague;
And so, upon the whole,
The way you back "The Marble Heart"
Sends terror to the soul.
To undertake a task that's proved
So utterly forlorn
Ned Adams could have lent you "points,"
And so could Charley Thorne.
From one so highly lauded
We had especial much,
But your ill-shaded "Raphael"
Shows no old master's touch.

A young man called at THE CLIPPER office one day last week when no one was in attendance but "Our Jim." The young man made known his business by saying that he "wanted to follow the stage for a living," whereupon the dreadful boy told him that by going down to the Battery he could follow the stage from the beginning of the route to the end. A black eye and continued nose accounted for Jim's absence from his duties the remainder of the week.... The funny men at 514 Broadway are real Theatre Comics, ain't they.....At Booth's Theatre, on Saturday, April 24, "King Henry V" will be deposed, and not badly, either, for this indiscretion, apology is due to the well-intentioned reader. We admit that there is nothing in it; that it is a wretched and puerile attempt at something which has no foundation in fact; but unless these dull and pointless efforts are occasionally introduced, the pith and cleverness of our legitimate corruscations would fall heavily upon the uncultivated mind. Now, presently, we intend to say something which shall cause our audience to be convulsed with genuine laughter. Therefore, let this be our excuse.—ED. CLIPPER.].....Now, take Satan, to illustrate our position. Why, even a *poor* remark from him would be considered *in Nick nasty!* [The congregation will remain standing while they give free indulgence to their overwrought feelings.—ED.].....We felt unfeigned pangs of regret for the early birds last week; at least for those circuses that started out with high hopes and big tents; for the fell storm swooped down upon them, and snow covered them as with a mantle of purity, covering alike their good and their bad sots in life. Barnum's mammoth canvas was crushed by the weight of the snow, and the boss canvasman said he never *Hurd* anything like it! Twenty men and horses were buried in the ruins, and yet no lives were lost; but the brilliant anticipations for the day *were*. Forepaugh, in the same City of Brotherly Love, was more fortunate than the newly-elected Mayor, and thereby scored one point to the good. While the wintry weather lasted Barnum's concern *was* a big thing on ice.....James remarks with pardonable pride that the man who *got around "The World" in eighty days* must have been a Democratic politician; but that he couldn't *get around* THE CLIPPER in any such time! And the boy is right.....In this connection it may be proper to remark that the "Nimble Jim" to be seen at the matinees at Wood's Museum is not *"Our Jim."*.....A friendly correspondent wishes to know whether or not Boucicault took "The Shaughraun"—"Skibbeah" matter much to *Hyrt*. [Not so much to *heart* as to *pocket*.—ED. CLIP.]..... And here it may not be out of place to speak in plain language in regard to a play in which Dion was the chief feature. The whole matter was a mere case of *"pro* and *con,"* in which the *protest* of one provoked a *contest* with another, the *bad odor* arising from which being credited to the *Kerry scene* in it.....And yet, what should we do without our favorite actors? When one passes away, we overlook his faults, and speak only of his virtues, and vice versa, otherwise. So let us sing his living praises, and hold the mirror up to human nature, as thus:

YE ACTOR.

He *takes another's part* with pride,
Though his reward be small.
Like many noted clergymen
He often has a "call."
Before the *footlights* on the stage
He *feet high* like a King's,
And though a hale and hearty man
His *props* he always brings.
He'll quaff a glass of sparkling beer
With unalloyed delight;
And, though he *quarrels every day*
Will "make up" every night.
He'll carry *trunks* in his *rolies*,
Can wash off all his *scars*;
And off he's part is like the sky—
"*Tis studied o'er with stars!*
A generous friend, an honest foe,
May he in comfort live
Till Death shall drop him from the ranks
With harness on his back.

.....Notwithstanding the numerous attractions at the Grand Opera-house, where the spectacle of "Ahmed" is armed at all points with stunning effects, the management has just decided to *Adah Richmond* to the forces.....A sideshowman is in want of a living skeleton, and "Our Jim" was just blunt enough to refer him to his boarding-house; and yet the *boy* seems to thrive on what *he* gets there.....It is reported true that G. L. Fox is "popular" in Alabama because he has a *Mobile* face?.....Another Brooklyn trial; and it is strange, but nevertheless true, that ever since *Sinn* took such fast hold upon Brooklyn, the Park Theatre has done a *big* business, while the Olympic has only *Donnelly-ite!* [Apprehensive that a few of our readers may have their heads turned by the Brooklyn trials, we take pleasure in translating the subject of our little joke by saying that the other place has only *done a little* trade; *Donnelly* being the name of the Olympic manager.—ED. CLIPPER.] .....It may improve the knowledge of some people to remind them that "School" is in at the San Francisco Minstrel Hall, where the spelling matches that of any other class. As authority in orthography, William Birch and Charles Backus are well up. *Birch* always *did* make scholars *smart!*.....Katie Mayhew has left the Grand Opera-house, and report credits her with going to San Francisco. As a fitting send-off, we offer her these

WORDS OF COMFORT.

Ahmed, fair Katie, fits you not.
May you find kind attention claim
In other parts, wherein your skill
May here your way to wealth and fame!

.....By no means, James; the concert to be given this week by the "retiring quartet" is not intended to get people on a string. You're too suspicious altogether.....At the Theatre Comique as well as at the Olympic, you will find Harts in profusion; but at Robinson Hall Mr. MacEvoy will introduce you to the true "Irish Hearts".....Memories of the Passed" will be the recollection of those ticket-holders who shall attend the benefit to Harry Williams' benefit on behalf of the children of the late Dan Bryant. .....But in connection with the lamented Dan there are memories of the past that can never be obliterated—memories of the many pleasant evenings we have spent with him when he, like dead and gone Forth, was "one to set the house upon a roar;" memories of those eccentricities which made light the erstwhile heavy heart, and brought sunshine and warmth where gloom and icy coldness reigned before; memories of the olden time, when Dan and Jerry and Neil made such a happy trio at Broadway, and drew around them audiences that crowded their little hall night after night; memories of those days come fast and thick upon us, only to make us realise the void now felt in our midst, for years ago Jerry passed from our sight like a Summer dream; and now poor Dan's genial face and form are gone in the habitation of Death, with the daisies he so often sang about lifting their little heads from out the earth which covers him above. Farewell, Dan; farewell "Old Times Rocks;" farewell the merry laugh, the innocent jest, the jocund song—to thee, and to all the joys conferred upon us by thy wit and social qualities, a long and sad farewell.

DAN.

No more, O loved and generous friend,
To all our sight dear
The tinkle of thy tambourine
Shall sound upon the ear.
The merry jest, the kindly smile,
Thy honest, happy face,
Have floated from our busy world
To everlasting space.
Farewell the "end" that knew thee well
Shall hold thy form no more—
Sped by the solemn end of all,
Thy soul hath "gone before!"

CITY SUMMARY.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE the fresh attractions of the past week included James Bradley, who performed a new song-and-dance containing many local allusions; George E. Adams, attired as a clown, gave a number of difficult and comical feats upon stilts; and in the closing sketch was seen to advantage in the disguise of a monkey; a new sketch called "April Fool" proved to be quite amusing—the chief characters were capitally acted by E. Harrigan, Charles White, John Wild and Tony Hart; Larry Tooley, who was greeted after more than a year's absence, was warmly welcomed, and his Dutch songs-and-dances elicited no little merriment; Nelly St. John, whose artistic vocal abilities make her ever a welcome visitor, returned after a brief absence, and renewed her former triumphs. In the sketch of "The Milliners" William Barry, an Ethiopian comedian who has long been a favorite on the East side of the town, made his first appearance on these boards and at any Broadway theatre. By his quaint acting he speedily gained the favor of his audience, and he bids fair to become very popular. A new sketch called "The Fifth-avenue Hotel" made a hit, and Harrigan, Wild and Hart had good opportunities to display their peculiar abilities. The Majiltons—Charles, Frank and Miss Marie—were seen in a fantastic act entitled "The Trois Diables," and their agile and grotesque dancing, wonderful contortions, hat-spinning, etc., proved quite as attractive as when they first came among us. Lavish and prolonged applause attested the pleasure received by the spectators. An excellent business was done throughout the week.

THE BOWERY THEATRE will be the present General Sherman and staff visited the theatre on Tuesday evening, and President Grant and family and several members of his Cabinet on Thursday evening of last week. On the afternoon of Thursday George Rignold received his first benefit in America, acting Claude Melnotte to the Pauline of Miss Fanny Davenport in "The Lady of Lyons," and William to the Susan of Miss Maud Granger in "Blackeyed Susan," both ladies having volunteered their services. The auditorium was densely crowded, and Mr. Rignold and ladies mentioned were called and re-called times summoned before the curtain, and the beneficiary returned his thanks in a little speech. The business has continued good. Miss Neilson is to appear in "Amy Robsart" April 26.

THE LAST NIGHTS of "Ahmed" at the Grand Opera-house are announced, and during these Miss Adah Richmond will impersonate the title-role in place of Kate Mayhew, who closed her engagement with the expired week. Fair business.

JOSEPH H. TOOKER'S BENEFIT, which was to take place at Booth's Theatre on Thursday afternoon, has been postponed until after the Bryant Fund Benefits shall have taken place.

OLIVER DOUD BYRON and Mrs. Kate Byron began engagements at Wood's Museum on April 12, acting in the familiar drama of "Ben McCullough," which on Thursday evening gave place to "Across the Continent," which held the stage during the remainder of the week. At the matinees Lotta Sylvester and the stock company were seen in "The Corsican Brothers." Business fair.

AT THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS the changes since our last report include "Home by the Sea," sung by A. H. Pelham; Mackin and Wilson were seen in their song-and-dance "I Thought You Was;" and a funny sketch called "Ethiopian Mummies," in which Charles Backus was seen as The First Mum, and Billy Birch as Extra Dry. "The Spelling Match" ("School") continued a chief feature. The average attendance has been good.

NO CHANGE at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, where "The Big Bonanza" continues to attract a large attendance.

MISS MARIAN SACKETT, on the occasion of her benefit at Wood's Museum on Monday afternoon April 26, will act Lady Isabel in "East Lynne." Although Miss Sackett has been but a brief time on the professional stage, she has labored conscientiously and striven to please, and we trust her benefit may prove successful in every way.

THE BOHEMIAN DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION (amateur), recently organized, aided by the New York Dramatic Combination, are to give an entertainment at the Union League Theatre April 21, under the auspices of Benevolent Lodge No. 28, F. and A. M., when "Still Waters Run Deep," "Ten Minutes in Vermont," by Harry Dumree; a ballad by Miss Marie Wilson; and "The Irish Tutor," will comprise the bill. In addition to the performers above named, John T. McKever, John McDermott, T. J. Jackson, Fred Vernon, James Lee, W. C. McKever, J. Murray, F. Smith and the Misses Ella Lee, Georgia Stinson and Wiggins are announced to appear.

MME. RISTORI and her company reappeared at the Lyceum Theatre on April 12, repeating "Elizabeth, Queen of England," which was again given, supplemented by the sleep-walking scene from "Macbeth," at the last appearance of the company, at the matinee on April 17. On Tuesday "Lucretia Borgia" and the sleep-walking scene from "Macbeth," and at the matinee on Wednesday "Marie Antoinette," were performed. The Aimee Opera-troupe appeared at all the other performances.

AT THE BOWERY OPERA-HOUSE the fresh appearances during the past week included Josephine Walby, who did a skipping-rope dance; Lola, a good trapeze performer; Emma Ross, dancer; Jennie Lindsay, serio-comic; Harry Kennedy, ventriloquist; and Mlle. Cora Estelle's Ballet Troupe, who performed some dances under the direction of Alex. Bladowski in a burlesque upon "The Grand Duchess" called "The Bowery Duchess." Attendance fair.

JOHN SIMPSON, the treasurer of Bryant's Minstrels since their organization, has been seriously ill with a heavy cold and the anxiety consequent upon Mr. Bryant's death.

FRANK MAYO is announced to give a few more representations of "Davy Crockett" at the Park Theatre, where the attendance has been fair since our last report.

MACEVOY'S HIBERNICON attracted a pretty fair attendance to Robinson Hall during the past week. The scenes of celebrated localities in Ireland were well painted, and the vocalisms and other specialties of the Emerald Comedy Company served to give variety to the show. The present will be their last week in this city.

MUSICAL NOTES.—Strauss' opera of "Indigo," with Miss Lina Mayr in the leading role, was presented every evening during the past week at the Germania Theatre.....The Life and Artistic Labors of Louis M. Gottschalk" formed the subject of J. N. Pattison's last lecture and piano recital of the series at De Garmo Hall on Wednesday evening, April 14, the selections being culled from the choicest number of the deceased artist's repertoire.....Organist L. B. Whitely and Miss Louise Finch, contralto, were the exponents of the musical programme presented at the twenty-second grand organ concert at the Church of the Holy Trinity on Wednesday evening, April 14.....The Italian operatic venture at the Academy of Music gave us "L'Ombra" on Wednesday and Friday evenings last, the young American prima-donne, Misses Hoffman and Randall repeating their successful interpretations of the leading roles. Another young American singer, Miss Mohalbi, will make her debut this week in "Ernani".....Miss Sophie Flora Heilbron's concert at Steinway Hall on Thursday evening presented an admirable programme. The young artist was assisted by Mme. De Rythер, Miss Clara Fisher, Mrs. Franklin and Messrs. Pease, Sweet and Corri.....Mrs. Maria Brainerd gave her third glee and madrigal concert at De Garmo Hall on Friday evening..... Theodore Thomas' last concert of the season at Steinway Hall on Friday evening and Saturday matinee presented admirable recitals of many of the standard favorites, interspersed with a few novelties, the selections receiving artistic treatment from the soloists, Miss Annie Louise Cary, contralto; Mr. H. A. Bischoff, tenor; and the well-known orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Thomas, who has thus closed his Fall and Winter season.....The old-time Philharmonic Society gave a public rehearsal, the last but one before the last concert of the season, on Friday afternoon, at the Academy of Music..... The well-known artist and composer Charles Fradel, who has been suffering from illness for some time, was the recipient of a testimonial concert at Steinway Hall on Saturday evening. Some of the best talent of the concert room volunteered for the occasion, including the Misses Flack and Piscaglia, and Messrs. Bischoff, Steins, Mills, Brandt and Bergner, who presented an entertainment filled with the choicest musical numbers.....The scheme for the endowment of a College of Music in the city, about which so many statements have been made during the past few months, appears to be assuming a definite form. It already bears the name Tonhalle, to incorporate the institution under a special charter, which has passed the Senate and been favorably reported in the Assembly. A wealthy gentleman of this city has made a munificent bequest which will be fully adequate to carry out the plan proposed, including the building of a hall, the establishment of instruction in a school of music and for public entertainments in which the best exposition can be given of the works of the great masters. The principal and most worthy object is to offer facilities to those, whether rich or poor, who are fitted for a musical education, to develop their talents to the fullest development of their talent. The proposition has met with a most earnest approval, and should receive every encouragement, as its fulfillment in the proper manner will develop a high degree of musical taste, and place the means within the reach of all who may desire to attain to the topmost round of the lyric ladder.

MLLE. AIMEE made her reappearance at the Lyceum Theatre as Rose Michon in "La Jolie Parfumeuse" on Wednesday evening, April 14, the opera continuing the attraction during the present week, which is announced to close on Saturday evening. The addition of Mlle. Gandon and M. De Beer to the cast has aided considerably towards an effective presentation of the opera, which has, through the potent charms of Mlle. Aimee in the leading role, proved a drawing card. A special matinee is underlined for Wednesday, April 21.

THE CONCERT GARDEN continues to present a very strong array of talent and a diversified programme of novelties, embracing a little of everything that goes to make up a cheerful entertainment. It is seldom that so many good cards are combined in one bill as we find in that presented at the Olympic. A complete list of the vocalists, together with details of the several acts in which they perform, may be found among our theatrical business announcements.

NIBLO'S remains closed. Various are the conjectures as to the future of this once-popular house, but what its ultimate intends to do with it is "what no feller can find out."

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN, dramatic agent, 9 West Fourth street, makes the following announcements through our advertising department: James W. Forrest, now with Holland's company in South America, wants to return; Conway Dixon, who has done business in a regular theatre or leading with a traveling company; Carrie Dalton, juvenile lady, with a child actress, can be engaged; a leading man is wanted for a theatre near New York, and gymnasts, acrobats and specialty artists, are wanted for the German Dramatic Company in Brooklyn, to commence on May 17. First-class variety specialty artists are also informed that Mr. Brown has made arrangements whereby he can offer them sixteen to twenty consecutive weeks' engagements next season, in a circuit comprising New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

J. K. EMMET, who called upon us on April 19, sails for England on the 24th inst., accompanied by his wife and child, and John Rogers as agent. He opens in Liverpool on May 10.

MANAGER TAYLEURE has canceled the engagement of Mr. Frank Frayne Combination at Wood's Museum, New York.

GABRIELLA SCHROTTER, the well-known dancer, was married in this city April 15 to Otto Auris, and sailed for Europe 17th in the steamship Ethiopia.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES R. THORNE, SR., left for San Francisco, Cal., on April 13.

GERALDINE STUART (Mrs. Shiel Barry) arrived in this city from the West Indies April 15.

PROF. J. V. NICHOLS and Oliver Locke the "Mastodon" glass-blower, weighing 580 pounds, left on April 16 for California.

JOSEPH REYNOLDS, who went to South America some time ago to join Courtney's Circus, returned to this city April 15 with the Bailey company.

"THE TWO ORPHANS" continues to crowd the Union-square Theatre nightly. More need not be said.

MRS. ETTA MANNING, an amateur actress of some note, as well as an art critic and editress of fashion articles, died in this city, at an early hour this morning, April 19.

AN EXTRA MATINEE OF "Henry V" is to be given at the Boston Theatre on Thursday afternoon next.

AT THE PARK THEATRE on Monday the novelties will include King Sarbro, and the first production of a sensational sketch entitled "Down Broadway, or From Central Park to the Battery," during which Harrigan and Hart will perform five new acts, and there will be a march of Liliputian soldiers, commanded by Kitty O'Neil as a colonel.

TONY PASTOR'S TRAVELING COMBINATION is to perform for one night only at the Academy of Music, Tuesday evening, April 20.

THE LATE DAN BRYANT.—Upon another page may be found a detailed account of the obsequies of the popular minstrel, and of the benefits now being arranged for his family, and other matters of interest.

DRAMATIC.
Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers, and Others

Are respectfully requested not to extend any courtesies or information to persons claiming to be correspondents of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, unless they can exhibit a card of a LIGHT PINK COLOR, with an engraving of THE CLIPPER BUILDING on one side, and on the other the names of the city, correspondent, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper. With the issue of the paper dated March 1, 1875, affixed thereunto, each card running for six months. Every authorized correspondent is supplied with a card of the above description, and has no authority to use any other upon our behalf. Managers will save themselves from imposition by demanding an exhibition of said card, and refusing to accept any excuse whatever for its non-production. On the back of each card interested will find a request that any person other than the one whose name it bears, managers and others will confer a favor if they will retain it and mail it to this office.

Persons applying for the position of correspondent are respectfully requested to consider SILENCE A NEGATIVE.

ANKENY'S NEW THEATRE, Portland, Oregon, constructed from the ball originally built by Capt. A. P. Ankeny in 1872, was opened on March 24, with "Rip Van Winkle" as the attraction. J. A. Herne appeared as Rip Van Winkle, supported by J. H. Le Roy, Geo. Osborn, Thos. Whitish, Robt. Tulford, R. C. White, Frank Reeves, Jr., Jos. Allen, Miss Mary Galton, Mrs. Robert Tulford, Mrs. Geo. Osborn, Rillie and Ada Deaves and Miss Emma Heath. The attendance was good, though, had the management properly billed the city, provided for the press, and adopted a popular scale of prices, the house would probably have been crowded to its utmost capacity. The result of these omissions was clearly seen after the first night. It was a bad beginning, and a change for the better is being made. Full twenty thousand dollars have been expended in altering the hall into the present attractive place of amusement. On the second and third nights the parquet, dress-circle, and gallery were partially filled. The house was crowded on Saturday, March 27, there was a good attendance, notwithstanding the stormy weather on this occasion. "Rip Van Winkle" was presented for the fourth and last time. At night "Dombey and Son" and "Paddy Miles," with Herne in the leading roles, were produced to a good house. "Lighthouse Cliffs" and "The Clockmaker's Hat" were given on 29, 30, and "Solon Shingle" 31. Miss Rillie Deaves, aged about 13, appeared in her silver clog on the first nights to good advantage. There are four private boxes, elegantly fitted up, but they are not calculated to afford those occupying them an advantageous view of the stage. The scenic artist, Mr. R. C. White, has done well in painting a drop-curtain and the scenery. Mr. J. H. Le Roy is stage-manager and Geo. L. De Praus business and acting manager. Advices of April 1.

MESSRS. WILTON & MITCHELL, in order to do justice to the powerful drama of "The Two Orphans," have secured a first-class stock company of metropolitan artists for an extended tour through the New England States, where their efforts have been rewarded with success. A list of the company is published in our advertising department.

MISS FANNIE PIERSON appears in her drama of "Sensation" at the Theatre Royal, Toronto, Canada, April 19, Buffalo, N. Y., 26, Toledo, O., May 10.

ROBERT FRASER, who has closed his engagement with Caracross & Dacy's Minstrels, is to travel with G. L. Fox's "Humpty Dumpty" Troupe, joining it at Chicago, Ill., about the middle of May.

THE NUGENT COMEDY COMPANY are to close their traveling season about May 15.

PREVIOUSLY to the commencement of her regular season at New Orleans, Mrs. Chanfrau, directed by Mr. Tayleure, will fill a preliminary season of eight or twelve weeks, beginning in September, supported by their full Varieties Theatre Company.

THE ADOPTION of the political compromise measure in New Orleans lends a hopeful aspect to theatrical affairs in that city for the ensuing two years.

MISS CHARLOTTE THOMPSON, supported by Frederic Robinson and the stock-company from the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., performed at Terre Haute, Ind., April 14, 15.

EDWIN CLIFFORD'S DRAMATIC COMPANY, which performed during the past week at Carter, Wis., will be at Stevens Point this week.

THE GILBERT SISTERS' COMPANY is now organized as follows: J. V. Gilbert, manager; J. M. Gilbert, stage-manager; J. M. Coldwell, agent; Prof. Frank Saunders, musical director; John Gladney, Edward Saunders, Frank Saunders Jr., Charles Lilly and Mlle. L. Clark, musicians; W. H. Cooper, Charles Villiers, J. E. Howe, E. Harrison, H. Hynes, J. M. Gilbert, John Wiley, Katie Gilbert, Jennie Gilbert, Bijou Mamie, Belle Reynolds, and Mrs. S. A. Nash.

THE SEASON AT THE VARIETIES THEATRE, New Orleans, La., under the management of C. W. Tayleure and Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau, will commence in September, and be from seven to nine months in duration. Stars and combinations and applicants for stock engagements are referred to the card published in our business department.

RENA.—All business communications regarding Miss Rena Maeder and her play of "Hedge Waif" can be addressed to her agent, Fred G. Maeder, as per card.

EDWD. P. WILKS, comedian, can be engaged for the Summer season, and for the season of 1875–6, through his agent, Col. T. Allston Brown.

MR. AND MRS. E. L. DAVENPORT appeared at Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, April 12, before a crowded house, and the audience was demonstrative in proportion to its numerical strength, wrote our correspondent on April 15, adding: "Mr. Davenport has not appeared in this city for several years. However, he had not been forgotten by our old theatre-goers, who assembled to welcome his return. 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts' was the opening bill, and, as is well known, Mr. Davenport stands alone to-day as the exponent of Sir Giles Overreach. That Mrs. Davenport is an accomplished actress there can be no doubt. Her Lady Allworth was enough to establish the fact. Power was an excellent Welborn, and Sheldon's Marall was very clever. Although Miss Pierson's assumption of Margaret Overreach displayed careful study, combined with grace and refinement, there was deficiency of power and intensity, which rendered the delineation unsatisfactory. L. F. Barrett acted the character of Allworth with much grace. H. H. Wood, after an absence of several weeks, appeared as Lord Lovel, and received a warm reception. Several of the company were quite imperfect in their parts, and this, having been frequent of late, should be remedied. 'Hamlet' was produced 13; 'St. Marc,' 14; 'Damon and Pythias,' 15; 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts,' 16; and 'Macbeth,' 17. Mr. and Mrs. Davenport open in Cincinnati 19, and Miss Eliza Weathersby opens here same date.....Joseph Jefferson and company appeared at Public Library Hall April 8, 9, 10, in 'Rip Van Winkle,' and drew fine houses."

J. J. WALLACE opened at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La., April 12, to a fine house, in his piece entitled "The Man from America," which was well received. The company supporting him is the former Academy stock, with the addition of Mr. J. H. Huntley as leading man. The performance of the drama was preceded last evening by an olio entertainment: Miss Gertie Granville, serio-comic songs; Eugene Blitz, sketches; and the Cawthorne Children in their specialties.

WALTER GALE, character vocalist, etc., is at present engaged at the Alhambra, New Haven, Ct., where he can be addressed.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, St. Louis, Mo., has been let for the Summer season to H. C. Noxon, who will commence his management on May 30, with Clinton Eddy as business manager. Specialty artists and first-class combinations desiring engagements can address as per advertisement.

A CARD OF THANKS is inserted in our business department, on behalf of Harry Chapman, to which Messrs. Grover & Cole, R. M. Heoley and others who assisted at his recent benefit in Chicago are referred.

ELLA WREN advertises that she can be engaged for next season to produce her plays of "In the Dark" and "Hector's Wife."

MME. J. L. PRESCOTT, first old woman, and J. L. Carhart, second old man, of John E. Owens' company, will be at liberty May 8, after which they can be engaged. Address as per card.

A NEW DRAMA entitled "The Wanderer," suitable for a lady star, is advertised for sale in another column.

THE JENNIE CARROLL COMBINATION, under the management of Hi Henry, disbanded at Parker City, Pa., April 14.

MISS ANNIE WOOD has purchased a residence on the south side of Middle street, New Bedford, Mass., known as the Zeno Kelley.

THE SUSAN DENIN COMBINATION is to act at Lancaster, Pa., April 28, 29. Joseph Kennedy is to join the company 19, and Miss Lucy Cutler will do so at Lancaster.

KATE FISHER and her company were at London, Ont., April 16, 17. Route: Chatham 19, 20, 21, Detroit, Mich., 22, 23, 24.

HELEN D'ESTE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY performed at Granada, Miss., April 12, 13, 14, Canton 15, 16, 17. Route: Jackson 19, 20, 21, Vicksburg one week. They report that they have not as yet had any trouble from the "Civil-rights."

THE KENDALL COMEDY COMPANY is to perform this week at Belle Plaine, Ia., and Marion next.

D. S. GERRY is said to be organizing a dramatic company at Quebec, P. Q., to start on the road about April 26.

MRS. CHAS. SMITH, professionally known as Jennie Hight, gave birth on April 10, at Fort Wayne, Ind., to a fine boy, weighing 12 pounds.

THE WORRELL SISTERS opened at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, April 13, in "Cinderella," to one of the best houses of the season, nearly every available seat being occupied. "Cinderella" was repeated 14th, and "Orion" was given 15th. They will probably be retained another week. J. L. Toole is to appear soon.

DRAMATIC ARTISTS are wanted for a tour in Canada, by D. S. Gerry, who advertises.

STARS and combinations desiring time at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, Canada, are requested to apply to H. Jandley, as per advertisement.

N. D. ROBERTS' "Jack and Jill" Pantomime Company, who are now on their return from their Southern tour, will visit the principal cities East and West during the coming Summer season. Their time is filled up to June 15, and managers having open dates are directed to N. D. Roberts' card elsewhere.

R. E. STEVENS, the business manager of the Furbish Fifth-avenue Combination, left Philadelphia, Pa., April 18, for Utica, N. Y., Syracuse, Oswego, and Watertown, for the purpose of commencing suits against such managers as have violated contracts with "The Two Orphans" to be played by the Forrester Dramatic Company. Mr. Furbish has purchased the sole right of producing that drama, and paid a large sum of money therefor; and his counsel, A. Oakey Hall, has authorized the various hall-owners above referred to by telegraph of their intention, and that suits will be immediately commenced against them.

THE FURBISH FIFTH-AVENUE COMBINATION are to perform "The Two Orphans" at Harrisburg, Pa., April 19, 20, Reading 21, 22, Wilmington, Del., 23, 24, Newark, N. J., 26, 27, 28, Paterson 29, 30, Poughkeepsie May 1.

THE TRAVELING BRANCH of Daly's Company commenced an engagement at the Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., April 12, in "The Big Bonanza," which constituted the attraction up to Saturday evening, when "Mona, Alphonse" was produced, in the latter the chief interest was centered in Bijou Heron, who appeared as Adrienne. This little lady created a profound impression, not alone for her winning, childish ways, but by the intelligence and dramatic talent which she displayed. The attendance during the week, though good, was hardly up to the merits of the performances demanded. No star appearing 19, the regular company will fill out the week, beginning with "Uncle Tom's Cabin." During the engagement of Daly's Company, Manager Albaugh and his people circulated among the towns in this vicinity, doing an average good business. Letter of April 19.

J. W. CARNER and wife were

OUR REGULAR St. Louis, Mo., correspondent, dating April 16, says: "Business at the Theatre Comique has been large all the week; standing-room could not be had at 8 o'clock at the commencement of the week's bill. The best scenes from 'The Black Crook' were given with very fine scenery by Palmer & Co.'s New York Spectacular Organization. The transformation scene was particularly fine. The olio introduced the new arrivals: Miss Mollie Wilson in her serio-comic songs, which took well; Worden and Mack, song-and-dance men, were quite good, and repeatedly recalled. Sig. Elvino in his acts of equilibration on the stationary trapeze was interesting. Prof. Fox in his imitations of birds, insects, etc., was novel. The Leon Brothers in their Japanese entertainment were a feature. The Weston Sisters, Cogill and Cooper, and El Nino Eddie received applause. The matinees are quite popular. The Turner Brothers—Bun and Sam—had a benefit last night, which proved quite remunerative. Departures 17: Zoe and El Nino Eddie to New York. Underlined: Billy Carroll.....Business at Deagle's has been fair. The feature of the week has been Charley Foster in his sensational drama of "The Gold Belt," in which Fanny Herring, Jennie Satterlee, Thomas J. Martin, Charles Jordan, Jacques Kruger, Lewis Parker, Guy Linton and Gus Mellville were introduced. Harry Bloodworth in his plantation specialties was well received. Lucy Adams was good. Waters and Kelly remain. Mlle. Elise dances well. Charley Wing's benefit was a jam. His friends, through Charles Jordan, presented him with a massive medal, bearing a suitable inscription. Departures: Harry Bloodworth, T. J. Martin and Fanny Herring.....Esher has had fair business. Mlle. Estelle put in an appearance as a serio-comic singer, and did well. Non-departures.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., the new appearances April 12 were the Snow Brothers, with their performing dogs and grotesque acts, and Miss Jennie Sothern in serio-comic songs. The Snow Brothers met with a flattering reception. Miss Sothern is young, possesses a beautiful form, dresses becomingly, and sings sweetly and with expression. She gives promise of becoming a bright light on the variety stage. The departures April 17 were: Sam. E. Ryan, to Louisville, Ky.; Blanche Selwyn and Jennie Sothern, to Providence, R. I. April 26, Signor C. E. Charles, Professor and Baby Bindley, unknown. The announcements for April 19 are: J. M. Ward and Winnett Montague in the sensational drama "Through by Daylight," Sallie Adams, Harper and Stansill, George and Nellie Brooks. Business light.....The show people at the Avenue Theatre April 12 were Huber and Glidden in attempts at Ethiopian comedy, Mlle. Henriette, Minnie Baker, Mattie Gray in songs, dances and sketches, and Louisa Johnson, dancer. The "Cancan," with the entire company engaged therein, has been the chief attraction. Business good. The departures April 17 were Huber and Glidden, Rose Minier, unknown; Lon Edwards to Philadelphia; and Ella Sheldon to Brooklyn. The announcements for April 19 are Charley Howard, Sallie St. Clair and Annie Mack. Advices of April 18.

AT LOVELL'S ADELPHI, Terre Haute, Ind., the company during the past week included Ella La Rue, Amy Lyle, Harry Loraine, Kirk and Drew, St. Leon, Allie Drew, Ada Montrose, Lou Wiser, Charles and Nellie Lovell, Tom Hampton, Blanche Wells, Charles Lovell, C. S. Anderson and J. H. Clarke.

W. H. BILLINGTON, character-change artist and comic singer, can be engaged by addressing as per advertisement.

JOHN C. FIELDING, a pianoforte player in variety halls, died at C. hoes, N. Y., April 13.

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Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Extracts from other papers, incorporated in news departments, 30 cents per line.

Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion, and liberal discount made when paid for three months or longer in advance.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
CLIPPER BUILDING, Centre and Leonard streets, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

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FOR 1875.

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Tenth and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia.
W. J. GILMORE.....Proprietor and Manager.
WM. B. CAVANAGH.....Stage-manager.
THE GREATEST SUCCESS ON RECORD.
A COMPLETE CHANGE IN EVERY FEATURE.
Respectably managed, and in consequence a grand success.
Houses crowded.
THE FASHIONABLE MATINEES A PERFECT OVATION.
Specialty artists, burlesque and dramatic stars treated with on liberal terms. Wanted, a few ladies of attractive appearance for dramatic stock and ballet. Address the Proprietor.
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the celebrated
INDESCRIBABLE PHENOMENON,
has the honor to announce that she is about to leave Europe for America, and would be pleased to negotiate with responsible managers for a
STARRING TOUR
throughout the United States, to present
HER CELEBRATED
LIGHT AND DARK SEANCES,
ON SHARING TERMS, OR OTHERWISE.
No cabinet performer ever appeared upon a European stage and in so short a time gained the approbation of the entire London and Provincial press, which spoke in unqualified terms of praise of this young lady.
MISS FAY has a
MAGNIFICENT WARDROBE
and STAGE PROPERTIES COMPLETE.
COL. H. C. FAY, Stage Director.
London address, United States address,
No. 2 Vernon place, Care of CLIPPER office,
Bloomsbury square, W. C. [1-4t] New York City.

NOTICE
TO THE PROFESSION AND PUBLIC.
Anyone using the name of Happy Cal Wagner's Minstrels I pronounce a fraud, as I closed my season at Evansville, Ind., March 20, 1875. I start my company again August 1, 1875. Wanted, one first-class clarionet player, one that can play also horn in brass band; also singers, song-and-dance artists—single or double song-and-dance men preferred who can play brass or banjo solo. None but first-class artists need apply. Must be temperate and good, reliable men, and for such I have good engagements. Address all letters to P. O. Drawen 90, Syracuse, N. Y. All letters requiring an answer must be accompanied by a stamp.
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